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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Critical Tight Rope

WHY do reviewers and readers so often disagree? Authors answer profanely, publishers bitterly, reviewers with contempt. And all are usually, though not always, wrong. For reviewers are more honest than authors suppose, and, as a rule, more perspicacious than readers believe, and somtimes better able to judge of the absolute merits of a book than the man who is selling it.

Unfortunately for peace in the literary world, "absolute merit" by no means tells all there is to tell about a book. We read books to pass the time, we read for timely or topical interest, we read to suffuse some immediate emotion of our own, we read because the book tells us what we want to believe is true; and all of these desires, if satisfied, can make a book seem interesting and good, even as a religious prepossession or a dislike of dialect can make other books unsympathetic to individual tastes. We know what we like, and rightly hate to be told that it is unworthy.

It is the business of the reviewer to consider these prejudices and discount them. Neglect them he cannot without seriously damaging the news value of his review. And if there is a difference between criticism and reviewing it lies in this—that the reviewer is concerned with all three elements of time, the circumstances of the present as well as the past and the future, whereas the critic's business is to estimate literature with special reference to its permanent values. That is why reviewing is so precarious, and good reviewing so difficult. Its audience is in the present, and yet the present changes even while the writer writes. Therefore, like a mariner who looks at sky and sea before going below to plot his course, the reviewer must frankly ask, will this book be liked or disliked *now* and by *whom*, before raising more fundamental questions.

And yet his chief job is to decide according to his lights what a book is really good for or bad for, and if he does not do this he is at best a news writer or a gossip, at the worst a toady to the public, a scavenger among reputations, or a dull blunderer. When readers disagree with him it is, one admits, quite frequently because he is wrong—in so delicate a profession what human being equipped with prejudices of his own and blind, like all of us, to special excellences and special defects, would not be wrong occasionally! But more often, if the reader spurns his critic, it is because their aims do not meet; the one is asking "Why do *I* like this masterpiece or hate this boredom in cloth covers?," the other "Should it be liked?"

And yet the fault will always be charged to the reviewer, for who has the heart to scold a reader warm with enthusiasm or kindled with dislike. Authors, especially, can stand anything but indifference to their books. The obstinate reviewer will continually refuse to walk his tight-rope with an even balance between permanent and immediate values. Down he jumps into the present and praises or condemns with most uncriticial forgetfulness of everything except what they are likely to say in reading clubs or bookshops. Or, more often, over he topples on the other side, and reviews Miss Poppett's novel, Mr. Brunderum's essays, or Professor Digit's new biography as if he were writing exclusively for Aristole, Erasmus, and Mr. Spingarn, and did not give two whoops whether the unfortunate volume were read by ten living people or ten thousand. Even in reviewing one needs a dash of imagination in the dish of scholarship.

Red Flag

BY LOLA RIDGE

RED flag, waving over Spartacus
Red cloth stripped from a gladiator's loins
To flutter in the milk-warm wind along the roads of Capua,
Red Flag, shaken like a bloody hand in the face of kings.
Red clout stuck on a spike—
There flaunting gay as a red rose pinned
On a beggar's cap in London Town,
Or clenched in a maimed hand . . .
A red and a white rose smashed together . . .
Red shoots mauled and trodden yet ever sprouting afresh
Till the lopped staff blooms again,
Red flower of the barricades—
First over the scarp and last left lying
Like spat-up blood upon the snow,
When ice-fangs bristle in the cooled-off guns
And dawn creeps in between the forepaws of the silence
That crouches above the dead—
Red light burning down the centuries,
Red fire dwindling to a spark . . but never out . .
Gleaming a moment on Bunker Hill,
sinking
a blown-out flame,
leaving a deeper grayness . . .
Red flag, over the domes of Moscow
Gleaming like a youth's shed blood on gold,
Red flag, kerchief of the sun—
Over devastation I salute you.

This Week

A Noble Cosmopolitanism. By *Kuno Francke.*

One Who Played the Game. By *Sir A. Maurice Low.*

Railroad Policy. By *William J. Cunningham.*

A Portrait of Shelley.

The Hawk's Nest. By *George Sterling.*

Helmholtz in English. By *Christine Ladd-Franklin.*

Next Week, or Later

The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. Reviewed by *Max Farrand.*

Cole's "Life of Cobbett." Reviewed by *Harold Laski.*

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Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

The Princess Far Away

By THOMAS BEER

IN 1906 a California lady guilelessly presented a mere acquaintence to William James at Palo Alto. Then she sat miserably praying for an earthquake while this creature bullied the psychologist for anecdotes of his brother. Compliments fell in a warm drizzle on the superb old gentleman. He heard how simply too cute for words his brother's novels were and how wonderful it must be to have a brother who knew all the aristocrats in England, and how refined Henry James was, and again how refined Henry James was. The lady led the nuisance away and returned to make her apologies. "Oh," said Dr. James, "Henry's refinement may be had, you know, at two dollars a volume. Refined writers always collect admirers of that quality." A horrible earthquake, induced by prayer, arrived too late to do any good or perhaps to rebuke his heretical comment on the Jacobeans. He shouted, "Go it!" to the convulsion and magnificently continued to be William James, one of the most charming, the most neglected of American writers.

This passion of the candidly vulgar for the notably refined has already dowered Mr. Van Wyck Brooks with admirers who defend him against the mildest inferential criticism in turgid letters beginning, "How dare you," or, in one instance, "You dirty bastard." So this review commences with what—in logic—should be its conclusion. Mr. Brooks has certainly written the most important literary study* signed by an American since "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." His style more and more tends away from the slightly repetitious, evangelistic tone that marked parts of his earlier writing. He, moreover, has spiked the guns of the Jacobeans in advance. It has been customary for these exquisitely adjusted natures to protest any attack on their "Master" by saying that the assailant is not fitted to comprehend the Great Lesson. "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" forbids that defence on every page. This is not the final book on Mr. James, but it is the book which has been needed for years and, independently of its subject, it happens to be a composition of extraordinary merit—sagacious, witty, and engaging.

Mr. Brooks begins with the elder Henry James, an intelligence suspended in the void of provincial America, disappointed with Europe, everlastingly laborious in criticism and, naturally, without an audience. He had wealth, on the scale of that time, and could roam with his offspring through Europe. New York tired him; he could move to Boston where, as Mr. Brooks may not know, he was secretly called "the Chinese Mandarin" by young irreverents on account of his ceremonious manners. There he received Louisa May Alcott, in January of 1865, a remarkable month in which she had made all of seventy-five dollars by her writings. She went to dine with him and her journal notes that she was treated "like the Queen of Sheba." Henry James, Junior, had written a notice of her "Moods" for the *North American Review.* "Being a literary youth," says the journal, "he gave me advice, as if he had been eighty and I a girl. My curly crop made me look young though thirty-one." What advice? It didn't seem important to Miss Alcott in 1865. In 1882 when Henry James was most important to the writing world, she told Fanny Hedges what the literary youth had ordered: she

*The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

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was to go to Europe at once—on that $75—and study European society. . . . The princess faraway of the young man's mind had already robed hereself. She glittered in the novels of Balzac. She swam in glory outside the windows of street cars bearing Henry James, Junior, toward Cambridge over unkempt meadows, past barren houses. She danced in the talk of John LaFarge at Newport. Presently Henry James had taken his own advice; he had gone to study European society.

Rome, Florence, Venice. "His æsthetic sense had seemed for the first time to live a sturdy creative life of its own. Yet something had always been amiss there." Then, naturally, Paris. Wasn't the heart of letters beating there? The Olympians received the respectful, dark young man. He was permitted to gaze, to hear. Turgeniev, Flaubert, Zola, Guy de Maupassant were viewed and studied. He had come to Paris to stay, and stayed less than a full year. "There was something so harsh and metallic about these naturalists who dissected the human organism with the obscene cruelty of medical students, to whom nothing, or rather everything, everything but art, was common and unclean, whose talk savored only of the laboratory and the brothel." Well, life in New York, Boston and Newport, life in the cocoon of ceremonious tenderness that wrapped the James family, hadn't prepared him for this. "Ah, one's tender dreams of Europe, the soft illusion, the fond hope—was this what lay behind the veil?" I step forward with correlated evidence. A friend of the Newport period appeared in Paris. James was charmed to see him but couldn't dine with him. Guy de Maupassant had asked him to dinner for that evening. Dr. Ledyard was beginning dinner alone in the Hotel Meurice when James came in, agitated and pale. He had been let in to the young romancer's flat and —would Ledyard be sure not to tell the family?—and De Maupassant was with a naked woman in bed, at six in the evening! Yes, there was that behind the veil. "And how his heart leaped at the thought of England, England on any terms!"

England, one imagines, fairly loomed in her fascinating respectability. There might be laboratories and brothels up the side streets of that fogged immensity but, thank God, one wouldn't have one's face rubbed in them! "Washington Irving's England, with all that had piled up the soft legend in the years between . . . Tennysonian meadows . . . timbered manors . . . The names and places and things which, in the far exile of one's infancy, had become for one values and secrets and shibboleths." The Princess had proved a little—well, not quite the lady in her Parisian dress. He would hunt her where Irving had so memorably found her. There was the Channel boat—"pour porter monseigneur a sa dame lointaine"—to the soft legend desired by his own softness. For soft he was, although Mr. Brooks courteously leaves the saying of it to William James who wrote from England: "Harry has covered himself, like some marine crustacean, with all sorts of material growths, rich seaweeds and rigid barnacles and things . . . under which the same, dear, old good innocent and at bottom very powerless feeling Harry remains caring for little but his writing, and full of dutifulness and affection for all gentle things"—a charming person, a rather weak person, protected by an income from the ordinary lot of writers and protected by his one passion from much else.

Mr. Brooks states the whole case for the art of Henry James with an ample appreciation. He is not bothered by the recurrent estimate of James as incapable of creating character; he even pauses to praise some sketches such as Millicent Henning and the Turgenitive *cavaliere* in "Roderick Hudson" which to coarser mortals carry not a shred of reality. James did create character in "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Bostonians," "The American" and "The Princess Casamassima." Are these puzzled, wistful Americans cramped in provincial Boston or wandering curiously through Europe merely "selves" of Henry James? Mr. Brooks presents the view in his fifth chapter and plays admirably with it for the conviction of those to whom the idea may be new. But he holds rightly that James was the first American novelist "to challenge the herd instinct, to reveal the inadequacy of our social life, to present the plight of the highly personalized human being in the primitive community." So, having done fullest justice to the achievement Mr. Brooks passes to the point of the collapse: the success had been basically a deployment of the America and the Americans known by James. James now "subscribed, as only a probationer can subscribe, to the codes and scruples, the conventions and prejudices, the standard (held so lightly by everyone else) of the world he longed to possess," and, "in adapting himself to this world he was to lose his instinctive judgment of men and things; and this explains . . . the gradual decomposition . . . of his sense of human values."

* * *

It is here that I must differ from Mr. Brooks. He admits throughout his book that Henry James was inexperienced in life. That timidity which shows to such an exquisite advantage when James came to draw the little girl of "What Maisie Knew" had, in long passages of "Roderick Hudson," in "The Author of Beltraffio," and in "Georgina's Reasons," thrown this avowed realist, this consummate observer back on the resources of his enormous reading. Mr. Brooks has never written fiction and I fancy he has never read much of the fashionable trash of Victorian times. On September 13, 1913, Mr. James was talking to a bored, respectful group about that fiction, the stuff which amused him on the beach at Newport, "the novel so inevitably to be found on steamers." He was asked whether he recalled Whyte-Melville. Oh, certainly! And what jolly books they were! He remembered names —"Kate Coventry," "Good for Nothing," "The Interpreter," "The Brookes of Bridlemere"—the impeccable taste, of course, singled out what was most intelligent in the Scotch cavalryman's list. Such jolly rubbish and "so right in feeling . . . so sympathetic with much that is best in English life." He spoke with quite an emotion, gentle and grave. I doubt that he had looked at a novel of Whyte-Melville in thirty years . . . This nothing was a thoroughpaced hunting gentleman, born in 1821, bred at Eton, who heartily respected any junk that was English. His novels sold tremendously. Even his Tennysonian verses had their vogue and nowadays when the programme of a bad concert announces Tosti's "Good By, Summer," you are hearing some Whyte-Melville.

In an absent moment James once mentioned a "fictitious writer." My contention, offered here with every known variety of diffidence, is that Mr. James was everlastingly driven to replace his own limited imagination by a subconscious cross reference to something once read, and that what Mr. Brooks calls the decomposition of his sense of human values was nothing other than a revelation of what was fictitious in the man's knowledge of human action. He was scrupulous, honest, and sensitive. For all his illusions and small snobberies there was nothing sham in Henry James. He would not, wanting a scene of passionate love, turn hastily to the nearest volume of Guy de Maupassant. He tried to imagine Isabel Archer's phrases as she sends Goodwood from her and the reader is suddenly slammed on the nose with, "As you love me, as you pity me, leave me alone!" He tried to imagine the Byronic tar of "Georgina's Reasons" telling his gaudy wife that he can ruin her and out comes, "I could damn you with one word!" under which Frank Norris once wrote, "Whee!" in the copy of a friend.

* * *

Where did this stuff come from? Let the literary Breasted dig in the remains of George Whyte-Melville. He will also come face to face with some ghosts related to the Princess, some scenes of aristocratic life as imagined by a placid hunting squire akin to peers whose ideational quality at fifty years was about one-twentieth of that shown by Mr. Glenway Wescott at the age of twenty-four or Mr. Thomas Boyd at twenty-six. This treacle had passed into him as a lad and, in moments of miserable speculation over situations utterly beyond his "sensations of society" it sweated out in a coating of extraordinary English, in amazing delicacies and permutations of style.

It is in "The Author of Beltraffio," published when Henry James was forty-one, that his inherent weakness declares itself. I wonder, when the personal charm of Henry James has a little receded, just what posterity will make of this American week-end guest in whom the great novelist Mark Ambient, his wife, and his sister so briskly confide, who pauses in the height of the catastrophe to record the compliment paid to himself by Miss Ambient? And from what horrid reservoir of juvenile fiction did James draw up Dolcino, the child who is allowed to die by its—I can't give Dolcino a sex—mother so that it won't be corrupted by Ambient's ideas? And what were the ideas of Mark Ambient that drove his wife to this infanticide? We are discussing a novelist capable of "The Portrait of a Lady," who asked that his fact be judged before his form, who had already said, "I aim at the clearest presentation of motive before all else." On his own valuation, then, is there a fact in "The Author of Beltraffio"? Is not here, already, the Henry James who would become the endless apologist of himself, incapable of understanding the society with which he had cast his lot and supplying its motives by fantastic vulgarities which, at last, Mr. Brooks has ruthlessly described: "Glance at these stories. Do they "correspond with life . . . life without rearrangement"? A man procures as a private preserve an altar in a Catholic church . . . A great author dies in a country house because he is afraid to offend his hostess by going home . . . A young man breaks his engagement to marry a girl he is in love with in order to devote his life to the "intention" of a great author . . . A young man who is described as "a pure, passionate pledged Radical" agrees to act against his beliefs, stand as the Tory candidate, and marry a girl he dislikes in order to keep his family estate. . . . The reason we find these stories so oppressive is that they do not follow the lines of life . . . It is intolerable to be asked to regard as "great" the Lion who is so afraid of his hostess, or as honorable the young politician who changes his party to save his house, or as worthy of our serious attention the lover who prefers his furniture to his mistress. Reset in the key of satire all these themes would be plausible; but James gathers grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. Traits of the self-conscious guest in the house where he had never been at home had fashioned with time the texture of his personality . . . and behind his novels, those formidable projections of a geometrical intellect, were to be discerned now the confused reveries of an invalid child. For in his prolonged association with people who had merely glimmered for him, in the constant abrogation of his moral judgment, in these years of an enchanted exile in a museum world—for what else had England ever been for him?—Henry James had reverted to a kind of childhood." In that state of maturely infantile egotism he played with wraiths, with Captain Yules, Madame de Vionnets, and Merton Denshers; and through the shades of his aquarium mounts perpetually one gleaming fish—this neglected author, this genius who hasn't been petted enough, understood enough, called "great" enough in that illusive and elusive England altering around his waning reputation.

* * *

"There comes a time," said Bill Nye, "when a grown man walks around himself, one night, and says, 'Oh, is that what you are?' and kicks the cat." Henry James may have kicked the cat; he may have given it some milk . . . Well, he aged and didn't like "Madame Bovary" any more. It was provincial adultery. Anna Karenina's whoredom in the great world was better reading. The Princess had taken a stubborn clutch on his soul. Richard Harding Davis's little paper on a quiet Paris street was so charming, so "right in feeling" but why should he spoil his account of Carnot's funeral by mentioning the panic of the soldiers when a grandstand collapsed or the greasy papers floating in the wake of the stately procession? The journalist was still amused in 1912 by that wistful reproach against veracity . . . And away from this society of his museum world just what did he approve? Constance Woolson and Henry Harland's imitations of himself, of course, and the styles, the felicities of the new writers. But subject? "Bah," said Joseph Conrad across a shoulder to Alfred Knopf and me, "James did not know what Stevie was talking about! It was beyond his limitation." What did he really like in Stephen Crane's work? "In The Third Violet," he dictated to Mr. Willis Clarke, "we have our boy coming to the right thing." The chatter of artists; a pretty, rich girl sought by a poor young painter; charming pictures of lakes and hills. That was the "right thing."

Softness, social differences, clever prose . . . Was this world outside the somewhat indefinite ter-

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A Fine Talent

THE LITTLE KAROO. By PAULINE SMITH. New York: George H. Doran. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD

IT is a very startling thing to blunder all unwarned into so fine a book as this. Who ever heard of Pauline Smith? Who, for that matter, ever heard of the Little Karoo? Who, learning that it is a great plateau in Cape Colony, cares to read a mean-looking little book of short stories about it—even though Arnold Bennett may have prefaced it?

The reviewer began reading it because he is honorable and conscientious, and friendly to Smiths who hope to be writers. He skipped Bennett's introduction, because he is not very friendly to Bennetts who have forgotten how to write, which cannot be said of John Bennett, but has been breathed of Arnold. But he finished the first story, "The Pain," with that incredulous delight which must have thrilled the first man who ate an oyster; for surely "The Pain" is one of the really great short stories. "The Sinner" is very nearly as fine, and the remaining six stories, though of uneven merit, are of a very high order.

It is difficult to say whether Pauline Smith has sought to capture and preserve the feeling of this remote district and its patient humble people, or whether in writing of these folk she has all mankind at heart. Probably the first. Her childhood was passed in the Little Karoo, and her mind was packed, during the impressionable years, with the sound and smell and color and feel of it. One doubts that she has said to herself, Lo, I will be a Universalist. She is utterly un-self-conscious, and she withdraws herself almost uncannily from the action of her stories. And she has succeeded overwhelmingly in breathing life into the Karoo, with its remote farms and hamlets, its laborious journeyings in a rumbling ox cart, its stern, sober, simple, shrewd men and women, its utter detachment from the world and civilization—especially this detachment, the Karoo's completeness in itself, economic and ethical; but she has succeeded also in picturing the man and woman in each of us, so that the people and the country of which she writes with strange brooding pity seem only incidental to her brooding upon mankind, and the Karoo is only her name for the world, conveniently isolated for sympathetic study.

Arnold Bennett speaks of her "strange, austere, these days, because we are unaccustomed to a simplic- these days, because we are unaccustomed to a simplicity that almost hurts in its directness and accuracy. We had it in "Maria Chapdelaine," likewise a tale of humble honest people, beautifully told; it is found in "The Growth of the Soil"; but it is a tool which English craftsmen have forgotten how to use, though its power is immense. These lines, taken almost at random from that exquisite love story, "The Pain," tell of the arrival of old Juriaan and his sick wife at the new hospital at Platkops, after their long, painful journey from the little farm in Aangenaam valley:

> It was the matron who, half an hour later, found the ox-cart at the steep steps. The matron was a kindly, capable, middle-aged woman who spoke both English and Dutch. Juriaan, holding his soft, wide-brimmed hat in his hand, answered her questions humbly. He was Juriaan Van Royen, seventy-five years old, working lands on Mijnheer van der Wenter's farm of Vergelegen in the Aagenaam valley, and in the cart there, in a nest that he had made for her of the feather bed and pillows, was his wife Deltje, seventy years, come to be cured of the pain in her side. . . .
>
> The matron turned from the old man, so wild and unkempt, so humble and so gentle, to the patient, suffering, little old woman seated with her bundle on the feather bed. With Juriaan's help she lifted Deltje out of the cart, and together the old couple followed her up the steps to her office. Here she left them, and in that quiet darkened room they sat on a couch together like children, hand in hand. They did not speak, but now and then the old man, drawing his wife towards him, would whisper that she was his dove, his pearl, his rose of the mountains, and the light of his eyes.

Her "strange, austere, tender, and ruthless talent"! Austere in that Pauline Smith stands always aside, watching life as it goes by, interpretor and not participant. Tender, yes; infinitely tender and sympathetic and comprehending, toward men and women alike. Ruthless? Not for an instant. She is like Hardy; a brooding pity breathes from every page.

Bennett writes: "I . . . had to answer many times the question: 'Who is Pauline Smith?' I would reply: 'She is a novelist.' 'What are her novels?' came the inquiry. 'She hasn't written any yet,' I would say, 'but she will.'"

This may be. But it is no small feat to compress into a few small pages the material of a novel, and still convey a sense of time and space and growth and significance; and this is what Pauline Smith has done. Novelist or no, she is a great short story writer.

Scrupulous Fiction

YOUNG MRS. CRUSE. By VIOLA MEYNELL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUISE BOGAN.

THE form of Miss Meynell's stories is not the swift skilful *conte*. Her figures never appear to be thrown off by chance from a mind working at a brilliant but distorting speed. She has, rather, a patient vision that constructs from partial aspects, themselves in no way remarkable, her characters and their scene. Every moment is clean and credited, as though she knew these people not only in the brief moments of her story, but quite surely at all other moments in their lives.

The effect of much modern writing depends upon a heightening of, rather than a direction in emphasis. The characters are caught into the action by some tangible spurt of fancy that wastes the emotional content, so that they appear breathless and spent. Miss Meynell gauges her work more carefully. The situation is often presented below its own level. Yet the result of this understatement is the spectacle of a grief too grievous, and of ecstasy become burdensome. Her men and girls

Original water color portrait of Percy Bysshe Shelley, found in an old frame of about 1850, and called by Mr. Forman the "Williams Portrait."
Reproduced by the courtesy of Mrs. Murray Crane.

actually embody the young passion for which requitement or loss is absolute.

This art is built straight upon reality,—reality observed with such precision that perception not usually given to the physical eye seems to be involved. Miss Meynell notices the gestures, the inflections, the turns in manner and speech by which people betray themselves, the slight signs which Ibsen marked, from behind his unread newspaper, during long hours in cafés. She tracks down the strong hypocrisies of the human heart, which hide it even from itself, and bares, with the least effort need, the mind's dim illogical associations between unrelated things.

In certain stories, "Young Mrs. Cruse" and "The Girl Who Was Liked," Miss Meynell works in the stripped form of the anecdote. Everything is observed from without, with complete simplicity. The young wife whose spirit without resources consults any subterfuge in order not to be alone, the girl who descends by imperceptible stages from her first full young charm to the fixed professional popularity of a hotel-keeper's wife, are presented with implicit irony. The same method, made more gentle, in "We Were Just Saying" can show the agony suffered by a sensitive girl, who must listen to a terrible secret recounted in the presence of the totally deaf woman whom it most concerns.

"The Letter" and "Pastoral" are moved more directly by the rise and change of emotion. The young farm girl in trouble hears night and day from her parents the facts she must write to her lover. But when it is written, the letter does not speak of the bitter reasons she has heard so often. The girl in "Pastoral," stricken quite helpless with grief over a faithless lover, marries a busy farm-owner, the first man who appears after the tragedy. She is beginning to come alive in her new bustling surroundings, to see a world somewhat freed from apathy and despair, when unexpectedly her first lover returns. She yields to the thought of going away with him almost automatically, without any consciousness of guilt. Yet as she goes about with her husband on his hurried errands along country roads she begins to protect herself against the realization of his future betrayal and loneliness. By the plans which she lays for his life when she will be with him no longer she keeps herself up to the last moment from the knowledge that she will not go away.

The stories throughout are brightened by a series of lesser observations. Miss Meynell knows the exact light of the turning seasons, the feeling of late autumn afternoons, of early winter mornings: "The day began in the quite dark night." The pregnant girl, for whom the countryside, once flat to her quick feet, suddenly has become full of gradients that take the breath, the lovers who meet in secret at night in the fields and lie quietly to escape notice while all the time they remained there a dog "was barking at the utmost note of fury and danger,"—these become episodes more real than pages thick with rhetorical blood and tears.

The ordered logical objectivity which Chekhov demanded when he said that short stories should be written in the form of news dispatches loses its rigor under this fine light of intuition. These people are not the projections of Miss Meynell's own consciousness. They have been placed outside, yet well within the light shed by this scrupulous and tempered mind.

True Jane Austen

SANDITON. By JANE AUSTEN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.50.

FIVE LETTERS FROM JANE AUSTEN TO HER NIECE FANNY KNIGHT. The same. $7.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

LOVERS of Jane Austen will rejoice in the fragment of a novel which is now for the first time issued in full, not merely because "Sanditon" holds in embryo the qualities that have made her finished works classics of constantly growing fame but because of the divergences as well as the similarities that make it an interesting supplement to her other tales. Here, roughly blocked in, to be sure, but none the less delightful because still inchoate are figures in fundamentals as nicely discriminated as those of her earlier books ("Sanditon" was in process of writing at the time of her death), as surely pilloried on the shafts of her gentle irony, as convincingly represented in the setting of the English countryside. Here again are the amazing versatility that from a restricted sphere could draw types similar in kind but as sharply set off the one from the other as the personalities or real life, the clear-sighted observance of society that noted its foibles yet had charity for its weaknesses, the bubbling humor that laughed at absurdities and ridiculed pretensions. Here again, as in "Emma," is a study of valetudinarianism, as in "Pride and Prejudice," of the patroness, and as over and over in the works of Miss Austen, of egotistic manhood and good-tempered, sensible young womanhood. The figures of the story are outlined, rather than elaborated, to be sure, and the narrative that develops the portrayal through the play of small happening and discussion is unpruned and unpolished, but "Sanditon" is indubitably of the essence of Jane Austen's genius.

No author, perhaps, more triumphantly illustrates the fact that the creations of genius are of no time but of all time than does Jane Austen. And nowhere in her works is there better exemplification of the fact than in "Sanditon" with its Mr. Power, the real estate booster, as vividly realized in Jane Austen's imagination as in the actuality of an American Zenith. Here is Miss Austen on the Babbitt of her story:

> Sanditon was a second Wife and 4 Children to him—hardly less Dear—& certainly more engrossing.—He could talk of it forever.— . . . The Sea air & Sea Bathing together were nearly infallible, one or the other of them being a match for every Disorder, of the Stomach, the Lungs or the Blood; They were anti-spasmodic, anti-pulmonary, anti-sceptic, anti-bilious & anti-rheumatic. Nobody could catch cold by the Sea, Nobody wanted appetite by the Sea, Nobody wanted Spirits, Nobody wanted Strength.—They were healing, softing, relaxing—fortifying

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& bracing—seemingly just as was wanted—sometimes one, sometimes the other. . . .

And here again:

"Civilization, Civilization indeed!—cried Mr. P,—delighted.—Look my dear Mary—Look at William Healey's windows.—Blue Shoes, & nankin Boots. Who w'd have expected such a sight at a Shoemaker's in old Sanditon! This is new within the Month. There was no blue Shoe when we passed this way a month ago.—Glorious indeed! Well, I think I *have* done something in my Day.—Now, for our Hill, our health-breathing Hill.—"

Certainly Babbittism was not born yesterday.

To the student of Jane Austen this fragmentary novel will contain many points of interest in its context,—in its eulogy of the sea, perhaps the longest description of nature which Jane Austen, who is conspicuous for the sparseness of her allusions to scenery, has indulged in; in its comments on Wordsworth and Coleridge and Burns, which recall a passage in "Persuasion," in its discussion of fiction, which supplements the famous pages in "Northanger Abbey," and constantly, of course, in its characters. The Oxford University Press has reproduced with what seems a rather pedantic faithfulness the inaccuracies and idiosyncrasies of the original manuscript. But it has published a volume which all lovers of Jane Austen will wish to own.

So also will they wish to add to their shelves the slim booklet which holds in facsimile five letters written by Miss Austen to her niece, letters which in great part are centered upon a love affair of Fanny Knight and which show Miss Austen in her actual family relations preaching the same prudent, moderate, and well-balanced counsel which she ever and again put into her books. The beautiful neatness of the letters, the clear writing and the even spacing, make them a delight, and very vividly convey the fragrance of the author's personality.

Swinging Romance

HIGH NOON. By CROSBIE GARSTIN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN

THE many readers who enjoyed Mr. Garstin's tale of "The Owls' House" will welcome this which is a continuation of the chronicles of the adventurous Penhales, of Cornwall and of the "Seven Seas" and the lands of lively happenings. It follows the fortunes of Ortho Penhale, after his return from his earlier exploits, from his twenty-eighth to his fortieth year, and it ends with the promise of a third volume to complete the history. But the reader who is not already familiar with Mr. Garstin's work must not infer that these stories are merely more swashbuckling, pseudo-historical romances of the common melodramatic type. They are far more than that, being entitled to rank with similar books by Col. Buchan or even the R. L. S. of "St. Ives." Mr. Garstin is an artist with a fine mastery of technique, both in dramatic construction and in the surface finish of his style. His people are not at all conventional figures, and there is a fine swing, a zestful enjoyment of movement in his narrative, which, however, never leads him to extravagance.

The construction of this section of his chronicle is peculiar but highly successful. It attains indubitable unity, in the continuing and developing character of his hero, Ortho, although it moves through a long series of episodes, any one of which might be detached and given a certain completeness in itself. Yet the result is not at all a patchwork or a series of short stories artificially joined to make a full size book. Instead, it has something of the inconsequentiality of life, in fact, often holds a sounder realism than that of an artfully selected single dramatic plot in which all but one line of action is excluded to make a story. Ortho's adventures grow, naturally enough, not merely out of each other but out of chance and accident—as such things do, in fact, happen.

It opens with his escape from his ship (he had been captured by the "press gang" and made a seaman) at the island of St. Lucia where he falls in with a remarkable woman and participates in a murder. But the detail must be left to the reader. He rejoins the fleet in time for the great battle between the French and English in which Rodney's victory did so much to bring about peace. After his return to Cornwall, Ortho falls in love and marries—with tragic consequences, which eventually lead him to sea again, this time as captain of his own ship in the Guinea slave trade. The last scene leaves him again at St. Lucia, again stripped and penniless, forty years old a "husband without a wife, father without a son, captain without a ship," and plainly ready for another delectable volume of further adventuring.

In addition to his great narrative skill Mr. Garstin has a certain grim humor and a fine sense for the lights and shades of character. For instance, his brief passing sketch of the little, fat Jewish doctor of the slave ship, who is in reality a hero of self sacrifice, is one that will stick in the reader's memory.

Historic Journalism

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS: Being a Selection of Unpublished Letters from the Correspondents of the House of Fugger during the Years 1568-1605. Edited by VICTOR VON KLARWILL. Translated by PAULINE DE CHARY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924.

Reviewed by RAYMOND TURNER

IN older times, because of poor communication, there was little interchange of news. What there was depended mostly on rumor and word of mouth, one person to another. Sending letters was costly and doubtful. Yet information from afar was always available for rulers and for the wealthy. Authorities in the Roman Empire, however, had been wont to post in writing daily accounts (*acta diurna*). In the period of the Renaissance such bulletins (*gazetti*) were put up in Venice. Supplementary to this was the practice of writing accounts —news-letters (*courants, coranti*)—for patrons who paid to obtain them. Such news-letters continued to flourish after printing, even after the printed broadside, and newspapers—which came in the seventeenth century. For a long while news-letters were written by friends or by professional vendors of news for dispatch into the country. They were read and re-read, and mostly worn out, but some surviving remain as interesting contemporary sources.

Rich collections of these letters may still lie untouched. It is probable, however, that none more important exist now than those which the Fuggers assembled. This family traced its descent from a village weaver. By the fifteenth century they had amassed a great fortune in Augsburg. They loaned money to neighboring princes and to the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, getting in return or in pledge wide landed estates and control of mines of silver and copper, while their trade was carried on all over Europe. The election of Charles V in 1519 was owing partly to money which Jacob Fugger supplied to purchase the votes of electors. "Your imperial majesty would never have attained to the Roman crown without my help," he afterwards wrote. In 1546 two of the brothers became counts, and the total capital of the family was estimated at sixty-three million of florins. They financed the wars of the Hapsburgs, and they were mighty in checking Protestantism in the German lands. They had then such position of eminence as the Rothschilds long afterward had. But this greatness yielded to decline. The power of the Hapsburgs diminished, and vast sums which they borrowed were never repaid. After the Thirty Years' War Count Albert sold the Fugger library to the emperor. Many old volumes richly bound were then deemed the best part of the collection, but along with them went some 35,000 closely written pages of *zeitungen* or news-letters. In the imperial library at Vienna they long slumbered almost unnoticed. Now a selection has been published. Another is being prepared.

The letters consist partly of reports sent to Augsburg by agents of the Fuggers in various parts of the world where their trading was done, but they also consist largely of copies of news sheets supplied by Crasser and Schiffle, who in succession maintained at Augsburg a news agency for numerous clients. There are also copies of the *Neue Zeitung*, a printed broadsheet of news. Most of the letters are in German, some in Italian, a few in French or in Latin. The reports came from divers places: many from Antwerp, Cologne, Venice, Lisbon, Madrid.

The present selection embodies a great variety of interesting things. For the most part they add little to knowledge of important events of the time, though here and there they do give details. There is a full and poignant story of the beheading of Counts Egmont and Hoorn. There is a vivid account of the fighting at Lepanto, though with nothing about the tactics used in the struggle. There is something about St. Bartholomew; something about the death of King Sebastian of Portugal in Morrocco, though nothing to explain the mystery that has always remained; much about Elizabeth of England and about Philip II of Spain; something about the execution of Mary of Scotland; something about the flight of the Spanish Armada; a notice of the siege of Paris in 1590 and the terrible suffering from hunger.

With respect to the economic and especially the social history of the time rich harvest of lore is yielded. The plague in Venice, and plagues elsewhere. Bandits in the Papal States and general insecurity there. An *auto da fé* in Seville, with the names of the condemned given and their faults stated exactly. A wonderful celebration of the festival of the circumcision in Constantinople. Evil spirits that appeared in Spain. How Jesuits drove a devil out from a girl in Vienna. The confession of one who practised witchcraft, and the judgment upon her. Many other burnings of witches—a grim story of the past—the modern reader must be struck by the complete absence in the minds of the writers of any doubt as to guilt and by the utter lack of sympathy and pity. How the alchemist Bragadini made gold from quicksilver with wonderful liquid—from other sources we know that later he was put to death as an impostor. A miracle at Bourges. The birth of a monster and rain of blood in Vienna. From Lyons, 13 August 1593: "We have received tidings in what manner the king of Navarre on his birthday, the 28th of July, was proclaimed at St. Denis to be a member of the church of Rome." Sentence upon a follower of the Jesuits who tried to murder Henry IV; public penance in his shirt, holding a candle; public confession; to be riven with tongs in the arms and the legs; the hand that held the knife to be lopped off; to be pulled asunder by horses.

The most amusing story comes from Seville. A debtor sought sanctuary in church. On the day of the blessed sacrament certain ones would give a mystery play showing Jesus taken by the Jews. Needing a stately man for Christ's part, they prevailed on the debtor to play it—on a cart, he to be safe there as in a holy place. One of the creditors bribed Judas to push him from the cart. So he was made prisoner. But "as the good Lord [the debtor] was looking most woefully at his disciples" St. Peter, another of the players, took pity and nearly cleft the officer's head. Great turmoil. Then the judge proclaimed sentence; Judas to be scourged; the *alguazil* to be physicked at his own cost; St. Peter to be set free; the merchant who was creditor to forfeit for all eternity "that which the Lord owed him."

The "Fugger-Zeitungen" appeared in Vienna in 1923. In this translation the rendering seems generally proper and clear. The editor's introduction is learned but heavy; and the supplementary notes, though helpful, embody some things quite obsolete now: No. 203 concerning the Cenci appears based on what Shelley believed rather than on information like that made available in Ricci's "Beatrice Cenci" (1923). The preface seems inclined to accept Schiller's account of Don Carlos. Far more valuable are the thirty illustrations, taken from rare Viennese pictures and books.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A Noble Cosmopolitanism

THE TRAVEL DAIRY OF A PHILOSOPHER. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by KUNO FRANCKE
Harvard University

HAVING given a lengthy analysis of the German original of this remarkable book in the January *Atlantic Monthly*, I must content myself here with stating briefly why its appearance in English garb seems to me of great moment and special opportuneness. If the lessons of the World War are not to be lost, if modern civilization is to be saved from another and still more destructive cataclysm, there is urgent need of a new international mind, not only in Europe, but in this country as well. It is astonishing, how few persons realize this, how, on the contrary, nationalism of the narrowest and most aggressive kind is everywhere lifting its head, endangering the very foundations of all human intercourse and portending the downfall of the whole structure of our moral and intellectual world.

Count Keyserling is an outstanding figure among the few genuinely internationally minded. He is an apostle of a new era of world consciousness, of a new gospel of universal spirituality. He understands as few others the essential contributions which the various races and nations have made to the common possessions of mankind. And his whole life work is given over to the task of arousing in others that same understanding of the variety and richness of racial types, of spreading as widely as possible that same desire to find a common basis for all higher aspirations whatever different outward forms they may assume, and of helping thereby to subordinate everywhere selfishly national motives to the work for the happiness and the perfection of humanity as a whole.

In Germany, where the "Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen" has now had a run of seven editions, Keyserling is universally recognized as one of the foremost intellectual leaders; there is no German city where his frequent lecturing tours do not draw large and enthusiastic audiences. In Stockholm, in Vienna, Budapest, and Rome he is equally welcome. The extension of his influence to the English-speaking world and particularly to America cannot help being a large factor in building up a state of mind which, if made universal, would render the return to violence, as a means of national self-expression, impossible.

The present book is the reflex of impressions gathered during a two years' trip around the world just before the Great War. Its principal subject is the contrast and the possible amalgamation of the East and the West. With a truly Protean versatility and power of adaptation, Keyserling enters into the spiritual life of every racial type with which he comes in contact. He makes himself one with the Hindu, the Chinese, the Japanese no less than with the modern American and European. From each and all he extracts the most productive qualities, the most sublimated essence; and in the combination of these quintessences of the most representative cultures of the East and the West he sees the hope of a higher civilization of the future.

Whatever one may think of the prospect of success for such an experiment in supra-national culture, the mere conception of it gives to this book a most unusual and truly inspiring outlook. I doubt whether there has ever been a more striking example of an individual's power of reproducing in himself other people's states of mind. The same man who at Benares in common with the Hindu worshipper revels in speechless contemplation of the Infinite, who from the peasant life of the Yang Tse plains imbibes the Confucian belief in the natural consonance between human conduct and the changes of rain and sunshine, greets the giant Sequoias of the Mariposa forest as noble symbols of American individualism, and sees in the most characteristic features of modern American life the most advanced and most hopeful forms of European progress. Remarkable as these appreciations of the most diversified national tempers are in themselves, they receive their chief significance from the spirit of universal sympathy which pervades the whole book, making it a veritable treasure house of an enlightened and cosmopolitan idealism.

As an instance both of Count Keyserling's brilliancy of style and of his noble sweep of thought, I cannot forego quoting a passage from the introductory chapter of his reflections on the United States:

> We modern Westerners are essentially young. Even if our tradition dates back nearly as far as that of India, today we represent a world which was only created yesterday. The world-conception of progress, of democracy is something altogether new, it is hardly nearer to the philosphy to which it succeeded than that of China; and this outlook has formed us. The last hundred years have rejuvenated the white section of humanity. By transferring the stress in social importance from the higher to the lower strata, who hardly participate at all in our millennial heritage of cultural values they effected much the same as the invasion of the barbarians did at the beginning of our era. In transplanting the ideal from the domain of 'being' into that of "being" they have communicated even to the oldest the modality of life of youth, insofar as the modern spirit has taken hold of them. The whole West is today passing through its wild-oats period. And is this not to be rejoiced at? One outgrows the failings of youth; the decadence and neurasthenia of our day are, on the whole, not manisfestations of old age, but cries of growth; that which is regretted as increasing coarseness really means that new primordial forces are being manifested. It is no doubt painful to think that the historical function of the traditional cultured classes of old Europe is at an end; but at some time or other everyone must make room for the younger generation. And this abdication does not imply death; in noble leisure, unconcerned with worldly ideals, the Western man of culture may yet continue to flourish for a long time and thus experience a sublimation which would never have fallen to his lot in active life. It is even possible that it is only then that he will achieve his greatest significance from the point of view of the future; we should remember, when despondency overtakes us, that it is the Jews and the Greeks, not the Goths and the Vandals, to whom the Germanic world owes the impluses which have given it direction ever since.

The translator, Mr. J. Holroyd Reece, is to be congratulated for having given to this momentous product of contemporary German thought a thoroughly adequate English form. He has renedered a service to international understanding comparable to that rendered by Carlyle in introducing the Anglo-Saxon world to the author of "Wilhelm Mesister" and "Faust."

One Who Played the Game

THE DIARY OF LORD BERTIE OF THAME, 1914-1918. Edited by LADY ALGERNON GORDON LENNOX. New York: George H. Doran Co. 2 vols. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by SIR A. MAURICE LOW

EARLY in September, 1914, with the Germans almost within cannon shot of Paris, the seat of the French Government was transferred from the capital to Bordeaux. Thither went Lord Bertie of Thame, the British Ambassador to France. He set up his temporary embassy in the house of M. Guestier, a partner in the great firm of Barton & Guestier, whose wines in their graceful bottles and armor of fine wire were well known to Americans in those days when it was neither illegal nor accounted sinful for the delicate amber of sauterne and the rich red of claret to add color and beauty to the dinner table.

Shortly after his arrival Lord Bertie was invited by his landlord's brother to dine at his country house. Six wines were served, and Lord Bertie records in his Diary: "I brought away the list: Château La Tour Blanche, 1875; Château Lafite, 1874; Léoville Barton, 1868; Brane Cantenac, 1874; Château Rauzan, 1874, and Château Haut Brion, 1874." This was at the time when the battle of the Marne was raging. A week or so later Lord Bertie makes another entry. Nettled at the criticisms of the British Navy for having allowed the "Breslau" and "Goeben" to escape, and the way German commerce destroyers and submarines were sinking British ships, the critics, he writes, seem to think "that the Germans are more wideawake and efficient than we; they don't stop to consider whether Germany plays the game according to established rules or not."

These two entries are typical of the man, his Diary and his race. Lord Bertie was a diplomatist of the old school; he had been brought up in the Foreign Office, he had served as Ambassador to Rome, and in 1905 he was transferred as Ambassador to Paris. Bertie was not a great man, his abilities were not of the highest order, but he was a useful and valuable public servant. He had the virtues of the Englishman of his class and all its limitations. Well born, he maintained the traditions of his caste, he lived according to his own code, which, despite its narrowness, was a proud one; he was incapable of meanness or doing a dishonest action; he had little vision or imagination. His Diary reveals the man. It is not distinguished by style or acute observation or philosophic insight. It is the intimate record of a man who did his day's work correctly and loyally without losing his nerve or his *savoir faire*. Because the Germans were thundering at the gates of Paris was no reason he should become panic stricken or entertain the thought of surrender.

One is usually a trifle suspicous of diaries. They read too much like vaticination after the event; as if they had been written less for the satisfaction of their authors and more with the hope of prospective royalties. It is the charm of the present Diary, and makes it of value to the serious student of history as well as of profound interest to the casual reader, that one feels the sincerity of the writer and realizes his simplicity and honesty. It is a picture of one of the greatest epochs of the world's history reproduced with scrupulous, almost photographic, accuracy. There is much that is trivial, which is life itself—for in the tragi-comedy of that strange thing we call life, as the great Greek dramatists knew, the clown and Melpomene, with ironic awkwardness, jostle each other and make no apology for their bad manners. But that is merely the comic relief of the stark tragedy. The tragedy of the war, as we are learning, from this Diary as well as the records of other actors, is that while men were suffering and dying in the trenches, and men and women far from the sound of gunfire were suffering and dying with equal heroism, life remained as satiric as ever, to the amusement of the cynic, who alone sees life without illusions.

In France the soil was enriched with the blood of her sons and the foreigner, in England there was scarcely a village that had not heard the tolling of the bell of death, Belgium was a house of desolation, yet the statesman had not ceased to be a politician, the press was swayed by its party prejudices, greed and graft were rampant; commanders sent their men to the slaughter but their rivalries and ambitions were not quieted—"there seems to be as much fighting between the many British Generals and their respective Staffs as with the enemy," Bertie writes—Joffre threatened suicide if the Government did not stop interfering; Kitchener and Sir John French, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, were at loggerheads from the beginning; the French expected more from the English, and both believed in the myth of the Russian "steam roller" and were exasperated because the roller creaked and lumbered but did not roll; the Allies were jealous and fearful that in the distribution of the spoils wrested from the defeated enemy one of the victors would profit at the expense of the others; they wanted Japanese assistance and were afraid of the Yellow Peril. Bertie continually shows his dread of Russia and asks what is to be gained if German militarism is to be destroyed only to be succeeded by the militarism of Russia; he sees Russia in possession of Constantinople and astride the Straits. There was friction over military, political, and financial measures, the French having their own ideas and the British theirs. It was no easy time for the British Ambassador. Bertie liked the French and in him they had confidence; there were times when he had to do some blunt talking, but he had tact and knew when to be firm, he handled more than one delicate situation with skill, and retained French friendship to the end.

Notwithstanding the common bond of language, it is rare when the Englishman understands the American. Bertie was not the exceptional man. The late Senator Medill McCormick lunched with him in February, 1915, and told him the Germans "have captured a great part of the newspapers in America, which give the German versions of war events. . . . He urges that the British and French Governments should at once 'acquire' newspapers in America to give their versions of war news and political objects, and to show up the German lies." Which is amusing, considering the course of the Chicago *Tribune* during the war. Bertie meets Colonel House who, he understands, "is looking around to see what opportunity the President may find for proposing peace, and so securing the German vote for a second Presidential election." His dislike of Wilson was only exceeded by his distrust of Kitchener and his contempt for Iswolsky, the Russian Ambassador. In short, there was nothing too fantastic about America for his lordship not to believe. One of his friends repeats a conversation with an American newspaper man, and Bertie adds: "His name is Howard, and he is by way of controling 600 American newspapers!" What a piker Mr. Hearst is in comparison!

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Railroad Policy

CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS. By WALTER M. W. SPLAWN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. CUNNINGHAM

Harvard University

THE author of this recent treatise on railroad consolidation had an unusually ample background for the work. By profession an economist (with a special interest in transportation) and now president of the University of Texas, Dr. Splawn is also a member of the Texas Railroad Commission and he acted as its counsel in the consolidation proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the discharge of his public duties in this important matter, Dr. Splawn has had to visualize the broad economic import of consolidation as well as the practical bearing of the various proposals upon railroad administration and public service.

The book begins with an interpretation of the purposes of consolidation. Then follows a critical discussion of the Ripley report upon which the tentative plan of the Interstate Commerce Commission was based, and an appraisal of the merits and defects of that tentative plan. Next is a summary, by regions, of the record of the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and an analysis of alternative plans. Then comes the consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of consolidation, compulsory and permissive.

The author's view is that gradual or progressive consolidation under governmental encouragement and approval would certainly be safer than an effort to force wholesale and immediate consolidation. He supports this conclusion by six reasons. No one can say just how large a railroad system should be. No committee can possibly carry in mind the interests of every community while making up a plan. The country is too young, its resources in many sections too little developed, and the possibilities of improvements in mechanical devices and methods too great, to undertake to fix a static arrangement of systems. It does not seem possible for any plan, as wisely drawn as it may be, to preserve the proper degree of competition. Forced consolidation would be likely to result in government ownership. Such economics as may flow from consolidation may more surely be realized from gradual than from wholesale grouping.

Dr. Splawn shows conclusively that the popular notion that large economies would be possible in consolidations is not well founded. The savings would be relatively small and in themselves would not justify service.

Considerable space is devoted to the discussion of the bearing of the factor of the weak road upon the general purposes of consolidation. The view prevails generally that the proposed grouping of all railroads into a limited number of systems, which may have fairly equal earning power under uniform rates on competitive traffic, has for its primary purpose the merging of the weak with the strong, so that the task of rate regulation may be lightened. That purpose was emphasized when the measure was debated in Congress and it was emphasized in Professor Ripley's report. Yet, as Dr. Splawn points out clearly, the weak road and its position in the general realignment was given scant attention in the proceedings before the Commission. The greater part of the record bears upon the preferences and objections of the strong companies. No definite nor comprehensive proposals by which the troublesome weak carriers may be taken care of were discussed.

That failure might be explained by another failure to which Dr. Splawn also draws attention. There were practically no data introduced at the hearings in the important matters of valuation and operating costs. It is well known that the valuation work of the Commission is far from complete. Such being the case it was unlikely that either the strong road or the weak road would precipitate a discussion which would force the one to say what it would be willing to pay or the other what it would be willing to take. At this stage in the game neither party to the proposed bargain would willingly disclose its hand. The business of bargaining is not likely to develop until the bargainers have a clearer idea of the possibilities, and those possibilities will not be indicated adequately until the Commission has completed its valuations. Inasmuch as relative operating costs are to be tied into valuation, the bargaining companies would naturally keep away from that subject until the uncertainties of valuation are cleared away.

Outside of the concluding chapters, in which the author in a stimulating manner outlines his own views on general principles, the book is essentially a summary of the law, the Ripley report, the tentative plan, and the evidence produced at the series of hearings. That summary is carefully prepared, comprehensive, and well balanced. The book will form an excellent background for those who are or may be interested in the proposals now under discussion or soon to be advanced, and who may desire to understand better the debates which are likely to take a substantial part of the time of the next Congress when Senator Cummins introduces, as he has promised to do, a new bill aimed at the stimulation of voluntary consolidation.

A True Poet

A TREE IN BLOOM. By HILDEGARDE FLANNER. San Francisco: Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OCCASIONALLY a slight, unobtrusive book of poetry appears in which the judicious can discern more fundamental worth than in many more clamorous volumes. Such a book is Hildegarde Flanner's "A Tree in Bloom." The poems are collected from various media, from *The Yale Review, F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower"* and so on. There are only twenty poems in all, an unusually small number to make a modern book of verse. But what is chiefly notable is that in almost every one of these poems Miss Flanner shows a delicate mastery of phrase, a beautiful precision of workmanship. The typography and decoration of her small book fittingly present her distinguished meditations.

The first four lines of the second sonnet, and the first "Prayer" rise into true poetry:

> There is a burning wilderness in me,
> Within this fragile territory, I.
> God, like a moon, is waning and too high,
> There is no nearness left in Deity.

And the close is no less vibrant with imagination:

> To be at peace! to feel, oh, even now
> Tranquility alight upon my soul
> Like a great bird upon a luminous bough!

Phrase after phrase impresses. A poet who can mould such lines as "unto what loveliness may we commend the desolation of the flesh that weeps," "within the haunted distance of my eyes," "I am cloister to a bell that utters advent of a miracle," "our hands confederate in ecstasy," "where does she pause to rest, and where shake out the pennant of her hair," "a girl with silence in her arms, (Lie quietly!) is a lovely sight," "they praised her feet like narrow doves mated on the floor," "your throat is white as an Egyptian moth and curves like a temple bell,"—a poet who can mould such lines and perfect such phrases as these, is a poet of unusual distinction. With held breath, with closed eyes, she sees "forests pillared like the streets of ancient Antioch." She knows "secrets so delicate they would shatter beneath gossamer," and perceives "tall nights of wistful towers." Her vision pierces to this:

> Archangels with high foreheads and bright thighs
> Pause and glimmer near me in the night.
> They flare upon their quiet feet and sway
> Terrible and tranquil to my sight.

To write thus is to evince a rare rhapsodic sensitiveness, resolving the quiet chord, perfecting a silence that gathers full of music behind the "heard melodies" of great English verse. Miss Flanner is, of course, in the direct tradition. She attempts only to rival the great verse she has read and meditated upon. But that she does, occasionally, in line and phrase, arrest its challenge down the centuries, is genuine achievement.

I have read a recent review of her work that chiefly emphasized her six-line poem, "Moment," a beautiful and fragile image in free verse. But "H. D." has accomplished many such. Others have accomplished as "fair attitudes." Miss Flanner's book holds more than this, lines that more truly "tease us out of thought as doth eternity." And then, too much of the appreciation of poetry of the day tends to place fugitive images upon a plane with, say, "Paradise Lost." This is a disservice to the fashioner of the fugitive image.

Probably much of Miss Flanner's work will prove fugitive. As to her attitude toward life, it is, perhaps, too self-conscious. Yet there is also a concentrated emotion that partakes of the fine frenzy of true poetry, an energy of feeling that makes luminous the fitting word and the fitting phrase.

The Hawk's Nest

By GEORGE STERLING

SPRING'S back, and subtly stirring, deep below,
Awake the memories of long ago. . . .
It was in middle March we freckled pests
Were wont to go and rob the fish-hawks' nests.
The cedar trees had slipped their snowy cowls;
Long Island's ice had melted; the big owls
Had seen their downy children on the wing
And wrangling crows were lunatic with spring.

An apple and a sandwich on each hip,
Saturday morning we would make the trip,
A four-mile row across the turquoise bay
To where the swamps of Shelter Island lay,
Ultima Thule of adventure's reach—
A land of lonely woods and trackless beach,
By my forefathers of the Pilgrim caste
Filched from the guileless redskin in the past.

We beached at last our boat and crossed the sands
Like mariners that win to distant lands;
Climbed the low bluff, in which, a feathered mole,
The blue kingfisher drove a slanting hole;
Crossed the warm meadow, reached the silent wood
Where the dark eyrie of our quarry stood.
Then, the huge nest, unhid by verdant cloak,
In dying cedar or in leafless oak.
Lofty it seemed to us, we being small,
For now the younger maple seems more tall.
Far-off the fish-hawks saw us, toiling through
The thickets where the snarling cat-brier grew.
Far-off we heard their melancholy cries,
Falling like icicles from out the skies.

However loud the soaring ospreys wailed,
Our hearts were flint; the eyrie must be scaled,
And I, as I remember that far time,
Was always chosen for the riskier climb.
Often the poisoned vine or stubborn briar
Beset the trunk that led to our desire;
Often the tree rose slippery and dead
That bore the bulk suspended overhead;
And one must be half-cat to gain the crest
Of the impenetrable, bulging nest.
Woven and braced with stick and branch it rose,
Uncertain hold for fingers and for toes—

Flat on the top and soft with seaweed dried
On sunny sands above the reaching tide.
There the big eggs, three often, seldom four,
Lay at the center of the shaggy floor—
Cream-colored, blotched with chocolate. From the sky
Fell the sad hawk's intolerable cry;
But ere one bent to take the cruel prize,
One stood erect and saw with curious eyes
The wood beneath, the meadows and the shore,
Far straits, and sky-lines never seen before;
Southward, the elms and steeples of our home;
Westward, the blue Peconics, flawed with foam.
Lighthouse and cape and inlet eastward lay;
Beyond, the wider reach of Gardiner's Bay,
Where, on the future night-skies, rapier-rayed
The wheeling lights of the destroyers played.
I stood on Glacier Point not long ago,
Watching the Merced foaming far below,
And seemed to gaze from no more awesome height
Than at that time of boyhood's semi-fright.
Dear days and friends! Where shall I find you, where?—
Gone like the wind that tossed that day my hair!

With eggs in cap, and cap in clutching teeth,
I joined my fellow-robbers far beneath;
Then homeward, each one babbling of the time
When he had made an even braver climb.

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Again we crossed the shoreline, set the oars,
And took our way to less romantic shores.
(What should we have for supper there? Ah! what
Shed fragrances from frying-pan or pot?)
There the smooth eggs, once duly drilled and blown,
In proud "collections" were demurely shown.

Poor trophies! Do you linger to this day
In that old village by the turquoise bay?
(The rats and mice ate mine!) Long afterward,
Revisiting, a negligible bard,
My town of birth, I found, with some annoy,
The times had made another sort of boy,
Hard, clever, keen, incurious, complex,
Their conversation motors, money, sex.
Movies they praised in no uncertain words,
Shunning the woods and kind to all the birds.
Alas our urchin band! Along the shore
The power-launch stammers where we rowed before,

And on the wood-paths where we wandered then
The feet of roving boys go not again.
So change is on us. But the ospreys still
Cry from the changeless heavens—sad and shrill,
Building their nest by swamp or lonely farm,
Where rascal egg-thieves come no more to harm.
And still I muse, a thousand leagues away,
On dear adventures of a humbler day,
And still in dreams of boyhood mischief I
Can hear the great birds wailing from the sky.

The Princess Far Away

(*Continued from page* 702)

ritory of the Princess really worth the trouble of a glance? But he knew that something had foully tricked him and along with the baffled, misunderstood artist there appears a victim in his tales, a lovely girl, or an innocent, abused, perceptive child. He tried the theatre. That might help him to some alliance with the society that didn't buy his books . . . not the alliance of the smart dinner table, but the alliance of comprehension and support. And a gentleman who persistently gives fifty or sixty pounds whenever a friend asks a contribution of ten to take care of a child, or an artist's family badly left, also needs money . . . He knew that he lacked fresh material and presently he was standing in Brentano's shop, tapping "The Ambassadors" on a palm, explaining slowly just what he'd been trying to say, just the shade of perception one—er—had tried to place here and there. Then in Saint Louis a woman bullied him for news of the English aristocracy and his sardonic quality rose to tell her, "Dear young lady, do you fancy that a simple old novelist—ah—exists in a mist of peers?" So back to England and the gardened house at Rye, the file of respectful callers appearing, the letters to be answered and the immense necessity of editing slang out of his brother's correspondence. Mr. Brooks leaves him with his face pressed to a window of the library of Parliament watching the crowd on the riverside terrace, waiting still for the Lady of Tripoli to summon her well-bred troubador to that suave drawing room where we know too well the name of the host. He had always been standing, protected by glass, watching a crowd and an exacting maker of allegories might say that the Princess had been always at his elbow, if he had cared to turn and look at her. "The child had been father of the man; the man had never outgrown the child. And Europe had been a fairy tale to the end." But it need not have been! He had clung to the narrowest, the most egotistic concepts of beauty. He long knew a brilliant chemist but at fifty-nine, standing in his friend's workroom, fingering a pile of notes in that precise, commanding art, he asked with a sort of troubled petulance, "Tell me, what pleasure do you find in this?" It was in his recoil from the ruthlessness of science—which is art—that his limitation shows. When he ran from the laboratory and the brothel, from the detachment of the complete investigator, shielded himself from the spectacle in his misty pursuit of an impossible civility, he fully prophesied the disastrous tone of his last prefaces in which one sees him gaze from the past to the terrible future. Here was the long, dim house of time and his sharp sense heard the weary little music of his own identity come faintly from some locked room, dismoded, almost—Horror!—unheard at all. So against that threat of silence, he turned and shouted, "I! I! I!"

The Bowling Green

Storms and Calms

EVERY now and then there bobs up—not undiscouraged by the ingenious publishers—some argument as to the order in which the reader should "approach" Conrad's works. In a recent symposium "20 Famous Critics Tell Readers How To Start Reading Joseph Conrad's Books." To a publisher all critics are famous, just as in the dark all cats are grey. But the interesting thing to me is to observe the majority by which these old salted Conrad shellbacks advise the apprentice to begin with what Conrad himself called his "storm pieces"—"Youth," "Typhoon," "The Nigger." It reminds me that Shakespeare's storm piece, "The Tempest," is always put first in his collected editions. I wonder why?

I am not deposing any thesis; I am merely wondering. I suppose the most rational way of reading any man's work, and the most arduous, is in the chronology of its writing; so can you trace the course of his mind. But only serious students are likely to do that; most readers are more haphazard. And I have an affectionate disrespect for those who will allow their dealings with so fascinating an author as Conrad to be too much dictated by what critics suggest.

* * *

I wonder, though, whether Conrad did not have a very particular tenderness for what he has called his "calm pieces"; and whether, for many readers (who find hurricane and breaching seas genuine vertigo to soft head and stomach) "Twixt Land and Sea" and "The Shadow Line" are not a more tactful beginning? Of course it is easier to admire storm pieces than calms; perhaps also easier to write them (I am not asserting; only wondering; nothing great is easy to write, I have been told). But I am often faintly surprised that in talk about Conrad one hears so little of "The Shadow Line" and the three tales in "Twixt Land and Sea." In the case of a man like Conrad I think you have to watch him carefully for his most significant utterances; and when he says casually in the preface to "The Shadow Line" "I admit this to be a fairly complex piece of work" perhaps he covertly means "This is a devil of a big thing if you have the wit to discern it." At any rate it *is* a devil of a big thing; and if one considers the time when it was written (the closing months of that gruesome year 1916) it takes place as one of the most heroic achievements in a not easy life. In that story there is a sudden picture of a seaman at the ship's wheel at night, his brown hands on the spokes lit up in the darkness by the glow of the binnacle. I will not spoil your pleasure in the picture by insisting on the symbolism that Conrad intended; he explains it himself in the tale; and perhaps one of his weaknesses was that of too often explaining symbolism. But the bronze-shining hands on that shadowy wheel, the ship becalmed, the anxious question "Won't she answer the helm at all?"—these are matters for as careful meditation as the Chinese coolies battered to and fro in the hold of the *Nan-Shan*. When Conrad gave "The Shadow Line" its subtitle, "A Confession," when he hoisted on its halliards that quotation from Baudelaire, he was doing something that deserves watching.

* * *

It is foolish of me to write about Conrad; and certainly I should never try to prejudice readers in favor of trying one special book before another. There are several Conrads that I have never read myself; perhaps I never shall. Up to the present I have as much of him under hatches as I can properly stow. I have, I think, much the same feeling that he had when he came up New York harbor in the *Tuscania*. After a long and very careful study of that skyline he retreated to the port wing of Captain Bone's bridge and averted his eyes. He had had all he could carry.

But, since none of the present symposiarchs seem to have mentioned them, I can't help saying a word about the extraordinary stories in "Twixt Land and Sea." "The Secret Sharer," is it a magnificent allegory of the horrors of man's duality? Of course it doesn't matter whether you believe it is or not; like all great fables the suggestion is so implicit that as soon as you try to define it you destroy it. There indeed is the trouble to which all writers of fable are victim: when you ask them exactly what they mean, you murder them. If the "moral" of the thing can be explained, it is vanished. It can only be felt. Take the case of another story in the same book, "A Smile of Fortune." There is some colossal irony lurking in the thing; but, after perhaps half a dozen readings in the past ten years, I would not venture to graph it. Is Jacobus, the thick-lipped shipchandler, offered to us as a veiled hero or as a scoundrel eager to traffic in the allure of his bastard daughter? And the girl herself, can you tell me any more wretchedly pitiable prisoner, yet how her terror and slattern beauty and potential vitality haunt us from those dead pages. What does it all simmer down to in the end? A deal in potatoes—the potatoes that Jacobus "paraded" (glorious word!) on the table. Anyone who would ask what that story "means" is absurd. It means just what today means, and yesterday, and a week from next Thursday.

* * *

I imagine (I'm only wondering, not asserting) that perhaps the men best fitted to relish Conrad, the men who have known something of the life he describes and are also brooders on the interwoven toe and heel of destiny, are most likely to turn to his "calm pieces" for that enveloping haze of significance which is his greatest gift. An extraordinary duplicity of meaning shimmers in those tales; the slightest movement becomes heavy ("fraught," the reviewers would say) with omen. It is in such stories that he recurs to his favorite theme of the great security of that old sea life as compared with the unrest and fever of the land. Happy, happy man, who through the most difficult years of manhood could mature himself in that hard and mannerly calling—"that untempted life presenting no disquieting problems, invested with an elementary moral beauty by the absolute straightforwardness of its appeal and by the singleness of its purpose." Exempt from false sophistication and ethical jugglery, exempt from cultivated palaver, he was free to deepen himself in that beautiful naïvété which all great poets must have. He became, one thinks, almost as *naïf* as Keats or Shakespeare, with a heart as open to moral simplicities, to honest and ironic sentiment, to simple humors that could even make their mirth over a pair of whiskers. Then, like the secret sharer, he "lowered himself into the water to take his punishment: a free man, a proud swimmer striking out for a new destiny."

* * *

So I am wondering. I am wondering whether there isn't something in (for example) "The Shadow Line" that makes even "Typhoon" or "Youth"—yes, even "Heart of Darkness"—seem a trifle melodramatic? These great things, and heaven knows they *are* great, are so precisely what the literary critics *would* most admire. But somehow, hidden away between the lines, I feel more of the essential agony in "The Shadow Line" and "The Secret Sharer." I haven't even mentioned "Freya," the third story in "Twixt Land and Sea"—that desolately tragic tale that tells (if you choose to interpret it so) what happens to beautiful things when they run up against "authorities." These are all calm-water stories, laid in the luxurious Eastern sunshine that (Conrad suggests) has more psychic corruption than the fiercest northern gale. It is when becalmed that the sailor has time to think.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

James Lane Allen, whose death took place a short time ago, had just completed a compilation of his best short stories, the last act in a literary career which began at the age of thirty-five. Mr. Allen, who was born on a Kentucky farm of pioneer stock in 1849, spent his early youth following the plow, went to college at a mature age, and began to write after some years spent as a teacher. Several years of hard work passed without recognition, were followed by the acceptance for publication of his first story, "The Flute and the Violin," but it was not until "The Kentucky Cardinal" appeared that he won popularity. That book was followed later by "The Choir Invisible," his greatest popular success, which in turn was succeeded by a number of novels that met with large favor. Despite the fact that a great part of his later life was spent in the North Mr. Allen used the South as the setting for almost all of his fiction.

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Books of Special Interest

Helmholtz in English

HELMHOLTZ'S TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGICAL OPTICS. Translated from the Third Edition. Edited by JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL. Vol. 1. New York: Optical Society of America. 1924. $7.

Reviewed by CHRISTINE LADD-FRANKLIN

HELMHOLTZ'S "Treatise on Physiological Optics" is one of that small group of scientific works whose publication forms a landmark in the history of human knowledge. Its inclusion in this group is the more remarkable in that almost simultaneously with this work Helmholtz published his treatise on the "Sensations of Tone," which was as epoch-making in the domain of the ear as was the Physiological Optics in the domain of the eye. Without attempting to assign the relative rank or importance of these works, as compared with such splendid monuments of scientific thought as Newton's "Principia" or Darwin's "Origin of Species" or Lagrange's "Analytical Mechanics," one feels that it is in that august company that these great treatises of Helmholtz belong.

The "Sensations of Tone" was translated into English within a few years after its publication in Germany; but of the "Physiological Optics" no English translation had been undertaken until the Optical Society of America, as a sequel to its celebration in 1921 of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Helmholtz, decided on this method of commemoration.

In entering upon this undertaking the Society was moved by considerations of practical usefulness quite as much as by regard for the historical significance of the work now for the first time made accessible to English readers. It is not only that the "Physiological Optics" in its original form provides a conspectus of the subject not to be found anywhere else and that it contains a great body of facts and explanations of facts whose value remains unimpaired after the lapse of sixty years; the third German edition, of which this English work is a translation, was enlarged and brought up to date by very important contributions of three of the foremost authorities in Europe—v. Kries, Nagel, and Gullstrand. And, by way of good measure, the American editor has incorporated in the work several valuable additions not included in the German publication. One of these, which appears in this volume and which will be especially appreciated by practicing ophthalmologists, is a chapter on Ophthalmoscopy by Professor Gullstrand, the foremost authority in the world on that subject, taken by Gullstrand's permission from his book on the "Dioptrics of the Eye."

To give anything like a technical account of the contents of the book in this place is, of course, out of the question, but it is not impossible to indicate, on broad lines, what it was that the "Physiological Optics" distinctively accomplished. In seeking material for this purpose the present reviewer looked up the account of the life and work of Helmholtz which appeared in *Nature* in 1877, one of that important series headed Scientific Worthies which *Nature* has been issuing for so long a time, and written in this instance by Clerk-Maxwell, a man whose scientific genius was comparable to that of Helmholtz himself. The appearance of this article at that particular time was apparently occasioned by a recent course of lectures given by the great German in England, and the writing of it was evidently inspired by that reverence of the younger *savant* for the older master which it is so impressive and so inspiriting to encounter in the history of science. It happens that Clerk-Maxwell devotes a considerable portion of his article to the "Physiological Optics" and gives a penetrating exposition of the nature of the service which it rendered both to the progress of science and to its practical utilization. After dwelling with enthusiasm upon the masterly coördinating of the known facts of optics to be found in this book, together with the contributions made by Helmholtz himself to almost every branch of the subject (he was the inventor, among other things, of the original form of the ophthalmoscope) Clerk-Maxwell says:

But perhaps the most important service conferred on science by this great work consists in the way in which the study of the eye and vision is made to illustrate the conditions of sensation and of voluntary motion. In no department of research is the combined and concentrated light of all the sciences more necesary than in the investigation of sensation. The purely subjective school of psychologists used to assert that for the analysis of sensation no apparatus was required except what every man carries within himself, for, since a sensation can exist nowhere except in our own consciousness, the only possible method for the study of sensations must be an unbiased contemplation of our own frame of mind. Others propose to study the conditions under which an impulse is propagated along a nerve, and suppose that in doing so they are studying sensations. Though this procedure leaves out of account the very essence of the phenomenon, and treats a fact of consciousness as if it were an electric current, the methods which it has suggested have at least been more fertile in important results than the method of self-contemplation.

But results of fundamental interest are obtained only when we employ all the resources of physical science to vary the nature and intensity of the external stimulus, and then consult consciousness as to the variations in the resulting sensation. The two great works of Helmholtz, on "Physiological Optics" and on the "Sensations of Tone," form a splendid example of this method of analysis applied to the two kinds of sensation which furnish the largest proportion of the raw materials for thought.

The "scientists" of the second class mentioned above by Clerk-Maxwell are the precursors, of course, of the "behaviorists" of the present day,—that is of those psychologists who insist upon limiting psychology to "behaviorism only"—we are all, half of the time, behaviorists in the correct sense of the word. The splendid genius of Helmholtz is nowhere in all his works more apparent than in the fact that although he was in the first instance a physicist he nevertheless was, even at the beginning of his scientific career, capable of understanding, and of giving simple and masterly presentation to the fact that the phenomena of color can never be understood until it is recognized that they are phenomena of sensation and not of wave lengths only. Nor was he afraid to use the term psychology as the name of that branch of science which deals with sensation. He states in the plainest terms (in Vol. III, not yet translated) that all discussions of light-sensation and of light-perception belong in the domain of "psychology." Since this is without question the fact, and since these two topics occupy more than two-thirds of the entire work (the whole of the second and third volumes) it would have been an incalculable aid to clear thinking on these fundamental matters if Helmholtz (the present reviewer has often insisted on this point) had called his great work Psychological Optics instead of Physiological Optics. Such is the unquestioned authority of Helmholtz that an explicit recognition by him in his title of the importance of the psychological point of view would have had the effect of enlarging the horizon of the pure physicist in a remarkable degree. (It is true that it would certainly have caused the fact to be noticed sooner that the Young-Helmholtz theory of color fails completely as an explanation of the phenomena of the color-sensations.) How far the physicists are from having attained to this enlightened point of view will appear from the fact that in the notice of this translation of this work in *Nature* (by Professor Peddie) it is said that it will be of great use to the ophthalmologist and the physiologist—the existence of the psychologist as a party concerned is wholly ignored.

As regards the additions to Helmholtz's work which appear in the first volume of the present publication, a further word should be said. Nearly half of the volume consists of Gullstrand's own contributions, which, like the work of Helmholtz, have not hitherto been accessible in English. These include a popular account of his generalizations in geometrical optics, and of its application to the complicated optical system of the human eye, as well as his discussion of ophthalmometry, and of other subjects of special value to ophthalmologists. Finally it may be useful to mention that Volume II has just appeared and will be noticed here later.

Yale University library has become the owner of one of the best collections of Washington Irving manuscripts and autograph letters in existence, the gift of Starling W. Childs, in memory of his father, Albert H. Childs. These letters, over 200 in number, cover the period from 1816 to 1858, and are addressed for the most part to Irving's niece, Mrs. Starrow, and to his sister, Mrs. Paris.

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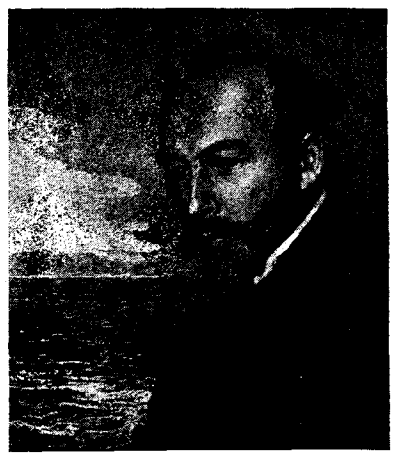

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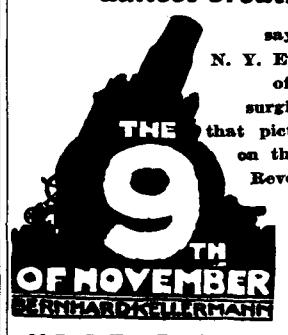

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Chinese Wits and the Drama

By A. E. ZUCKER

THE Chinese drama offers a surprisingly close parallel to our drama of the Middle Ages. The theatre and the manner of staging present an almost exact replica of Elizabethan playhouses and stagecraft. The actor stands just as low in the social scale as did his mediæval European colleague, and also he plays both male and female rôles. The plays fall in general into the same *genres* that our forefathers had for their edification and amusement. There are moralizing religious dramas portraying the punishments of evil-doers; wearisome chronicle plays relate the lives of national heroes; popular novels are staged in formless dramatizations; mythological figures, deities, and ghosts appear in fanciful plots; domestic troubles and common foibles are humorously portrayed in farces in which the clowns extemporize freely. As can be readily seen from the above, the Chinese drama is uncritical, formless, without a sense of the tragic, and anything but literature.

In the last decade or so Chinese students have become conscious of the inferiority of their drama through the study of Shakespeare in mission schools or through a view of our theatres while studying abroad. Naturally enough they have attempted to emulate Western theatricals. This at first took the form of presenting some play which they were studying in English classes—perhaps the "Merchant of Venice"—just as students at the times of the Renaissance staged plays by Seneca. Scenery, absent from the popular theatre, made its first appearance in China at the university plays, just as in England. From the acting of imported plays to the writing of plays by the "university wits" represents but one step.

This step came to be taken by young men in sympathy with our modern drama; men who, moreover, felt the urge to become social or political reformers. As students in Europe or America they had seen how Hauptmann's "Weavers," Brieux's "La Robe Rouge," or Galsworthy's "Silver Box" dealt with the problems of poverty and social justice. The questions of marriage and divorce they had seen agitated in Ibsen's "Doll's House," Strindberg's "Father," Hervieu's "Know Thyself," or Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' Even the family problem, the most vital question for a "returned student" in China, they found presented in Sudermann's "Magda" or Shaw's "Getting Married." Our modern drama thus invited imitation by Chinese reformers both from the literary and from the social point of view.

Chinese society of today is the battleground for Western ideas versus those of the East. On the one side are Confucian ethics instilled through the classical education; the family system vesting all the rights in the parents and demanding absolute obedience from the children; and in general the force of inertia and the tradition of 4,000 years. Opposed to these are Western standards—Christian if you will—the prestige of the white man, and the obviously superior education offered in the mission schools and colleges; the Western ideals of romance, courtship, and choice of wife by the husband instead of by his parents; the revolutionary air that invades the Celestial Empire with the introduction of any feature of European or American life, be it in literature, art, science, government, social relations, sanitation, transportation, or in the vast field of modern industry. The life of the student returned to his native land from one of our universities is filled with dramatic conflicts on every hand; and it is not in the least surprising that he gives dramatic expression to his struggles, especially when he has read Ibsen and Shaw.

Among these returned students there stands out most prominently a Columbia doctor of philosophy, Hu Shih, since his return to China in 1917 professor of philosophy at the National University. He is the editor of a progressive monthly called by its European name, *La Jeunesse* (Youth). This paper frequently presents European iconoclasts in Chinese translation; for example, the June, 1918, number carried "The Doll's House," "Ghosts," "The Enemy of the People," together with critical essays on Ibsen. In the following year Dr. Hu Shih wrote a play which showed decidedly the influence of our modern drama, perhaps most distinctly of the modern woman type of Nora. It was widely presented, both by amateurs in mission schools and by professionals on public stages.

A new note of realism is sounded in this play, which contrasts sharply with the extravagant romanticism so common on the Chinese stage. Soon similarly realistic plays came to be written in large numbers by the students of Nankai College, where an English professor named Chang very ably encouraged student theatricals in the Occidental manner. More protests against the tyranny of the Chinese family system followed, together with plays portraying the miserable lot of the poor, the terrible consequences of opium smoking, the sad life of the prostitute, the corruption of the courts, and kindred themes. One play from this school, "The New Mayor," was singled out for particular praise by a revolutionary critic, because it overthrew one of the ancient traditions of the Chinese drama—the villain is not punished at the end of the play. This play, too, is quite realistic and "peculiarly" Chinese.

"The New Mayor" smacks a bit of Gogol, whose "Revizor," to be sure, has been presented a number of times by Chinese students in Peking. Foreign plays acted by Chinese students are an eclectic set. Among the first ones to be imported were "La Dame aux Camelias" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," together with "Namiko," a dramatization of the famous Japanese novel. In more recent years Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and various plays by Chekov have been acted for better or for worse. Detective plays also are not without their appeal.

In the regular professional theatre the influence of these "university wits" cannot be called considerable. In most cases Western drama or drama in Western style has appeared only in amateur performances. However, China's leading actor, Mei Lan-Fang, is also introducing new plays adapted from Chinese novels. They are generally of a sentimental, yet not infrequently a poetic character. He always plays the part of the heroine, and plays it remarkably well. A Chinese educated in France said on one occasion that Mei Lan-Fang acts female rôles better than Sarah Bernhardt played the Duke of Reichstadt. When one has seen Mei Lan-Fang portraying with delicate pathos and utter life-likeness a deserted maiden, a witty wife, or a jealous imperial concubine, one cannot but feel the provincialism of the remarks on this theme found in many histories of English literature, as for example, "It would require a vigorous use of the imagination to be satisfied with a boy's presentation of Portia, Juliet, Cordelia, Rosalind, or any other of Shakespeare's heroines." In this respect, too, the living Chinese theatre offers a thought-provoking analogy to our past.

Erratum

By an unfortunate error of the composing room the advertisement of the Columbia Press was incorrectly run last week. Clifford H. Moore's "The Religious Thought of the Greeks," issued by the Harvard University Press, was substituted for a publication of the Columbia Press.

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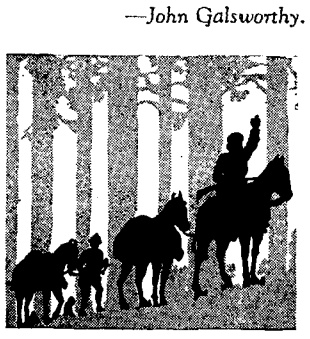
—*John Galsworthy.*



DRUMS
By James Boyd

Laurence Stallings says:
"Boyd is certainly worth the watching. . . . It had been time that a novelist would do the artistic thing by the American Revolution. Such a man would resist either screaming patriotism or bloody irony. Boyd has done it. 'Drums' is this reader's pick of the American fiction on the new lists."

H. B. in the N.Y. Evening Post:
"We can add a lusty voice to the swelling chorus of praise the book has aroused. When anything so fine as this comes along it deserves all praise possible."

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Foreign Literature

France Today

EXPLICATION DE NOTRE TEMPS. By LUCIEN ROMIER. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1925.

Reviewed by HENRI HERTZ

THAT this book, which has been widely discussed, should have aroused particular interest in Paris is readily understandable to the initiate. For in its manner and in its division into brief, swift-moving chapters, it is essentially Parisian; that is, it is freighted with weighty matter presented in lively fashion. Its author speaks with authority. For years he wrote daily the leading editorial of the *Journée Industrielle*, a journal devoted to the consideration of the significant problems of French life, and to their analysis from the most modern angle, with profound attention to their technical and economic implications. For the past two months, however, he has been editor-in-chief of the *Figaro*, and since as such he has had to address himself to people of the world, he has developed a light and animated style, truly Parisian in its vivacity, which lends readability to his book.

The original edition of M. Romier's work (it appeared as one of the Cahiers Verts) contained a dedication "to those who as yet hold no political convictions and have no desire to do so." I do not know why this dedication was removed from later editions, for it made plain the bearing of the work and justified its form.

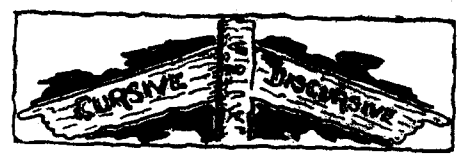
Despite its light manner the book has a profound significance. For there is no doubt at the present moment the thought of France, even that of the people hitherto indifferent to politics, ought to be bent to the work of restoring the country. Now, books which are entirely political frighten and repel the general public. Their partisan spirit, regardless of the direction in which their partisanship lies, discourages it. What it needs is something more pliable, more forward-looking. M. Romier is a thinker of the sort that the times demand, and that fact is sufficient to impart importance to his book and explain its success.

Were the title of the volume absolutely accurate the work would be called "Tableau de Notre Temps" rather than "Explication de Notre Temps." M. Romier explains less than he describes. He admirably depicts the status of France at the present moment by displaying its smallest traits and characteristics. But as to how it came to its present condition he does not explain fully, laying his stress in this part of his study rather than on details on such generalities as temperament and character, and on the disastrous results of modern evolution, accentuated as they have been by the war. The book, in short, is an exhaustive diagnosis of the ills and the goods which are at the present moment battling against each other in France, supported by historical and technical considerations. Whose is the duty, M. Romier asks, to seek the remdy, to discover it, and to restore full health to the rich and lovely country momentarily enfeebled? The obligation rests on that dormant public, indifferent to public life, "which as yet holds no political convictions and has no desire to do so.

I cannot of course guarantee that the public which reads M. Romier's book will acquire a political creed. But certain it is that it will have all the necessary material at hand for the forming of one, and every reason to persuade itself that it is its duty to apply it. It is for this reason that I say this book is of wide importance.

M. Romier's point of departure is an effective picture of ancient France, of a France agricultural, rich, self-contained, surrounded by countries less prosperous than itself, in advance of all its neighbors, and as yet without a rival. In the nineteenth century this situation changed. Industry replaced natural riches. The weak became strong, and the strong grew weak. Difficult problems began to confront France which the years only rendered more acute and which the war brought to a crisis. It is the presentation of these problems, and of the facts to the minutest degree which conditioned them, that constitutes the subject matter of M. Romier's book. Instructive, pregnant with ideas and suggestions of all sorts for the French, it is of a character vividly to impress the foreigner who will find in it the soul of France laid bare to his gaze.

Books written by French women have hitherto taken their chances with publishers alongside of books written by men. Probably the women have found themselves rather crowded out. In any event, they have organized a new series called "Les Cahiers Féminins," to be devoted entirely to works by women writers. Mme. Jean Balde, author of "La Vigne et la Maison," is President of a committee for these publications. Well-known writers and scholars connected with the Bibliothèque Nationale form part of this directing committee and aid in ensuring publications of real value.



By THE PHOENICIAN

A HUNDRED years ago, there was a garret
At the top of a small dark house,—
A glory-hole for dusty books and boxes,
A haunt of the spider and the mouse.

But he crept to it, when no one else was looking,
Like a lonely little thief in the night;
And his name—it might be Copperfield or Dickens;
But he stood there, in a ring of candlelight.

* * *

He groped there, silent as a shadow;
For he saw him, stiller than a stone,
A small boy, reading in a garret,
A great king, seated on a throne.

Thus Mr. *Alfred Noyes* in the epilogue to the book on "David Copperfield's Library," written by *John Brett Langstaff*, former head of Magdalen College House in London, and President of the Children's Libraries Movement. Stokes has published the book in this country. It tells the story of the discovery of the house that *Wilkins Micawber* mentioned in the eleventh chapter of "David Copperfield." "My Address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short . . . I live there." Mr. Langstaff identified this genteel address as No. 13 Johnson Street, Somers Town, as the house where *Dickens* lodged during the David Copperfield part of his boyhood. The house was bought and converted into an unusual children's library. * * * And, speaking of libraries, the Lenox Hill Book Shop and Circulating Library, at 1088 Madison Avenue, between 81st and 82nd Streets, has on display for the two weeks following Easter, an exhibit of the manufacture of books from the manuscript to the bound copy. It includes proof states of each stage of the manufacture of both the type page and illustrations. The sample book used is *Meade Minnigerode's* "Lives and Times," and the display is similar to that shown in a Paris book shop last year, and was arranged by the same man. * * * If you know anything of the self-styled *Baron Corvo*, who produced "The Chronicles of the Borgias," died neglected, and engendered what might be called a Corvo Cult, look into this matter of "In His Own Image," a collection of Corvo's tales—*Frederick Rolfe* was his real name—about the monasteries and orders of Italy, told in a vein half devotional and half ironic. Knopf now sponsors the book, which contains such chapters as "About Sodom, Gomorrah, and the Two Admirable Jesuits," "About a Vegetable Purgatory," "About the Miraculous Fritter of Frat Agostino," and so on. Such headings greatly delight us. * * * Fourteen of the poems in *A. A. Milne's* now-likely-to-be-immortal "When We Were Very Young," have been set to music, and Dutton is bringing out the verses and music together as "Fourteen Songs." * * * *Ben Travers*, whose humorous work we praised last week, turns out to be the seventh Ben Travers in direct descent; one of the Bens, his great-grandfather, having been Surgeon-General to *Queen Victoria*. Travers left the Flying Corps after the War and joined John Lane. Two of his novels have been dramatized. *Cyril Maude* played in "The Dippers." * * * * Again we call attention to *Sean O'Casey's* "Two Plays." If you don't read about Jack Boyle and his crony, Joxer, pretty soon,—and absorb the atmosphere of modern Ireland in "The Shadow of a Gunman" you are missing the best Irish dramatic work and the most remarkable blending of comedy and tragedy that has issued from Erin in many a day. O'Casey knows at first-hand the Dublin tenements, and is a master in his own vein. * * * *J. C. Squire* opines that *Osbert Burdett's* "The Beardsley Period" is the one satisfactory book on the "Nineties in England." "It is," blurts Jack, "one of the ablest, most amusing, and most excellently written works of criticism which has been published for years." * * * Who is *Carveth Wells?* Well, he was an 1887 Jubilee baby. His father was a Bermudian, his mother Cornish. He says he is a combination of Pirate and Celt. He is also a descendant of *Thomas Welles*, first Governor of Connecticut. He has lived in the wilds of Saskatchewan, has built scenic railways for the White City, London's Coney Island, has taught at a Technical College, and has endured the jungle on the Malay Peninsula. He came to America broken down in health and recovered on a diet of liver and strawberries. But most important is the fact that Wells has written "Six Years in the Malay Jungle" (Doubleday, Page). * * * In Malaya there are fish that come out of the sea to bounce on the beach like rubber balls. There a lizard can flip off its tail and grow a new one in three weeks. There dwell Negritos under four feet six in height. And Wells and his wife want to go back to it all. But to those who cannot go we recommend his book as particularly vivid narrative, full of remarkable incident.* * * Last month, in the *Living Age* we learned of a German scholar that *Kipling's* famous "Mandalay" was indeed all wrong, typographically speaking. "How can a Burma maid sit in Mandalay by the old Mulmein pagoda, looking eastward to the sea? Quite aside from the fact that Mandalay is not on the sea, the Burma maid, if she could make out the sea at all, would have to look west and not east." Also it seems that there are no flying fish on the road to Mandalay and that you can't possibly see the "dawn come up like thunder" out of the Bay of Bengal, the only body of water available. Ah me, ah me! * * * We have been meeting *Richard Hughes*, the young English poet and dramatist, whose book of plays, "A Rabbit and a Leg," appeared under the Borzoi imprint. Mr. Hughes finds New York restful, at least down around MacDougall Alley where he is visiting *Pamela Bianco* and her parents. * * * Some time ago a most generous subscriber to the *Saturday Review* sent us gratis a couple of poems. We like one sonnet so particularly that we are going to make it our colophon this week. Here it is:

THE MOUNTAIN PRODIGAL
By ARTHUR WEBSTER

I live now with my peers, as long ago
I stood among them, unafraid and blest.
Expectant dawns no longer make their quest
Behind sheer walls, or in dark streets where blow
The laden winds of morning, lately dressed
In wraith-like robes, purloined from ocean's tomb.
My heart remembers heavy air and gloom
Of hanging haze which darkened Vega's glow.
Now sparkling dew, where trailed arbutus twines,
Sends down the mountain winds its perfumed breath,
So soon resolved in song by waiting pines.
Far hills send forth the cry, "It was not death
But heavy dreams of life through crowded years;
Let mountain silence rest you. Greet your peers!"

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS
Houghton Mifflin Company

By the author of "The Little French Girl"

FRANKLIN WINSLOW KANE *by Anne Douglas Sedgwick*

Of this novel Hugh Walpole writes: "This seems to me still the best of her books, and in my humble opinion better a good deal than this last successful one." *New edition.* $2.00.

PAID IN FULL.....Ian Hay (Beith)
The inimitable story-teller, the author of "Happy-Go-Lucky," is at his best in this story of a rascal and his regeneration. From his play, "The Happy Ending." $2.00.

TEMESCAL .....H. H. Knibbs
A truly great epic of the Southwest that paints as vivid a picture of modern Mexico as Scaramouche did of old time France. By the author of "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River." $2.00.

THE CAROLINIAN .....Rafael Sabatini
"The best Sabatini since Scaramouche" (*Saturday Review*). "Teems with plot and counterplot. Its interest never flags." (*Boston Transcript.*) $2.00. *Second Printing.*

THE MOMENT OF BEAUTY.....Samuel Merwin
A realistic and beautiful story of life behind the footlights. By the author of "Silk." $2.00. *Second Printing.*

OBEDIENCE .....Michael Sadleir
A story of the revolt of a younger generation against the hard hand of its elders. "A perfect and touching love story. The author is a man of genius." (*Country Life, London.*) $2.00. *Second Printing.*

BIOGRAPHY

JOHN KEATS
AMY LOWELL
"It is to this I think rather than to any other, the lover of Keats will turn who desires to know the life of the poet and the circumstance in which his genius developed."—"A. E." (George W. Russell) in the *Irish Statesman. Lavishly illustrated, including many rare portraits, prints and facsimiles, two volumes, boxed.* $12.50 the set. *Fifth Printing.*

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THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL (Lexington and Concord) Harold Murdock
This book, which appeared in a limited edition two years ago and was immediately sold out, is now being republished at a popular price. It sheds new light on the battles of Concord and Lexington, revealing many errors in the usual account. $2.00.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PUEBLO POTTERY MAKING. By *Carl E. Guthe.* Yale University Press. $4.

THE BOOKPLATE ANNUAL FOR 1925. Edited by *Alfred Fowler.* Kansas City: Fowler.

HOW TO SEE MODERN PICTURES. By *Ralph M. Pearson.* Dial Pres. $2.50.

Belles Lettres

RED: PAPERS ON MUSICAL SUBJECTS. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. Knopf. 1924. $2.50.

"Red is the color of youth. Oxen and turkeys are always enraged when they see it," quotes Mr. Van Vechten on the jacket of his latest book in defensive anticipation of enraged reactions to these essays reprinted from his earlier books on music.

"Red" is a collection of twelve papers of very uneven interest. Music critics, stodgy music of stodgy American composers, Strawinsky, orchestral programs, and chamber music are some of the subjects of his praises and discontents. There are engaging moments of spirited attack on established things. Mr. Van Vechten, like many concert goers, rebels against the ceaseless repetition of music that has long since said its last word. But he feels too wonderfully advanced because seven years ago he wanted to hear Strawinsky. Many, many others were of the same mind even longer ago than seven years. Does the author imagine that Strawinsky came to his regular place because of this seven-year old clamor?

The book is entertaining, witty, clever, and quite unimportant. The style is diluted Huneker with a dash of Mencken. "Cordite for Concerts," the concluding essay is wholly enjoyable. With a deft touch Van Vechten reviews much of the music we hear too often in concert, and arranges the composers in amusing categories.

The most amusing thing about "Red" is that it isn't red. It is a pleasant and inoffensive pink that will not enrage anyone.

There are many musicians and critics who long for the free expansion that is the birthright of musical composition, and who dream of programs built with catholic taste. They would welcome some thoroughly red essays. No one seems to be writing them at present.

FISH AND ACTORS. By GRAHAM SUTTON. Brentanos. 1925. $2.

The preface which Mr. Sutton has written for "Fish and Actors" is decidedly entertaining. In this foreword is an account of the wandering players of rural Ireland, their hardships, obstacles, and rare moments of pleasure. These "fit-ups," as they are called, are relics of a century or more ago, an anachronism of the theatre. Giving a preposterous repertoire in barns, deserted mills, and barren drill-sheds, they are the last of a race.

Unfortunately the sketches and tales which follow are not on a level with the introduction. Instead of genuine reminiscence that would inevitably have been richly amusing, Mr. Sutton has woven his subject-matter around the adventures of two mysterious strangers who attach themselves to a company of barnstormers. This scheme was doubtless intended to create a lively interest, on the part of the reader, in the various incidents.

Mr. Sutton knows the people about whom he writes, because for many years he worked and lived with them. It is to be hoped that some day he may find time to give us more of his anecdotes, but in a form which will not enervate their essential vigor.

DR. STIGGINS. By *Arthur Machen.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

CHEZ NOUS. By *Adjutos Rivard.* Doran. $2 net.

WHAT OF IT? By *Ring Lardner.* Scribners. $1.75.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S STORY. By *J. Brett Langstaff.* Stokes. $2.

THE BEARDSLEY PERIOD. By *Osbert Burdett.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

TABLE TALK OF G. B. S. By *Archibald Henderson.* Harpers. $2.

THE SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS. By *J. J. Jusserand.* Putnams. $3.50.

IS IT GOOD ENGLISH? By *John O'London.* Putnam. $2.

Biography

LINCOLN THE LITIGANT. By WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

This book of 117 pages adds a new and readable chapter to the legal history of Lincoln. The author, a lawyer of Lexington, Ky., published his "Lincoln, the Defendant" in 1923, describing with facsimile letters and documents a suit against Lincoln in 1853, brought by a firm of cotton manufacturers of Lexington to recover $472.54, alleged to have been collected by Lincoln as attorney for the firm and not accounted for. Lincoln's deceased father-in-law, Robert S. Todd, had been a member of the firm, and the suit was inspired by Levi Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, in consequence of disaffection he incurred during the settlement of the paternal estate. Lincoln's mass of evidence in rebuttal compelled the plaintiffs to withdraw the suit. "Lincoln the Litigant" contains a resumé of this suit and details other instances in which Lincoln appeared either as plaintiff or defendant in the courts. He is shown to have been a party to more of such suits than fell to the lot of the average lawyer or citizen of the day. Mr. Townsend, recording Lincoln's first suit to recover a fee, gives an accurate and brilliant narrative of the highly dramatic Trailor case of 1841, the facts and scene of which have long been familiar to the reviewer. The greater part of the material in this book, to which Dr. William E. Barton furnishes the introduction, is new, and the author must be credited with the discovery of some important incidents that have eluded the biographers.

JAMES HUNEKER. By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES. New York: Joseph Lawren. 1925. $1.50.

This is a collection of personal reminiscences of James Huneker, with critical comment, some of which were first published in Huneker's lifetime. Joseph Lawren has prepared for the book a tentative bibliography and invites additions and corrections.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A FIDDLE DEALER. By DAVID LAURIE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.50.

Here is the biography of a man with a most prosaic vocation, and a most alluring hobby. His vocation, oil-selling, he soon abandoned, and his hobby, dealing in fine violins, acquired the dignity of a profession with him, becoming, indeed, his main interest in life. Mr. David Laurie spent the greater part of what must have been a very happy, satisfying life searching for and dealing in violins of superior workmanship and exquisite tone. His search for these treasures took him over the greater part of Europe, and gave him opportunity to meet most of the great violinists and violin-makers of his day, as well as a host of other interesting people. During his lifetime he came into possession of some

(*Continued on next page*)

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Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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These Reminiscences were written by him just before his death, which occurred in 1897. The manuscript was discovered but recently by his son. A number of illustrations of a few of the more famous violins lend an added interest to this charming little book.

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS. By *Guglielmo Ferrero*. Putnam. $3.75.

SETH LOW. By *Benjamin R. C. Low*. Putnam. $2.50.

IN A STRANGE LAND. By *V. C. Korolenko*. New York: Bernard G. Richards. $2 net.

THE SPECKLED DOMES. By *Gerard Shelley*. Scribners. $4.

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Drama

THE TERRIBLE WOMAN and Other One Act Plays. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. Appleton. 1925. $1.35.

In the one act play of atmosphere, especially one that depicts fear and great emotional stress in some lonely, eerie place, Wilbur Daniel Steele is master. This is what really seems to interest and stir him, though he can write clever, satirical dialogue as well, and better than most. "The Terrible Woman" and "Not Smart" are both comedies of this type and while they make good reading and should act effectively, they are far less moving and dramatic than the other two, "The Giant's Stair" and "Ropes." These are New England in atmosphere and characterization, somewhat in the mood of Eugene O'Neill, but shot through with a curious quality of mystery, horror, and the loneliness of the human soul caught in the grip of the powerful forces of nature. Two women alone in the wildness of a storm in a mountain farm, facing a tragedy of the past and its unalterable consequences; a blind lighthouse keeper, his lonely wife and the coming of another man, such are the situations in which Wilbur Daniel Steele is at his best. All four plays should be popular among amateur and Little Theatre organizations aiming to follow in the footsteps of the old Provincetown Playhouse group where these plays have already proved artistic successes.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ONE-ACT-PLAY. By ROBERT I. GANNON. Fordham University Press. 1925.

Students of the one-act play will find in this volume by Robert I. Gannon of Fordham University, answers to many of their problems and perplexities. Besides a thorough analysis of this hitherto rather neglected dramatic form, the author has quoted passages from some of the best known and most artistically sucessful short plays, such as: Synge's "Riders to the Sea"; Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon"; Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"; O'Neill's "Ile"; Glaspell's "Trifles" and others. There is also a well arranged list of the best one-act plays available in book form.

THE FAR PRINCESS. By *Edmond Rostand*. Translated by *John Heard, Jr.* Holt. $1.75.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? By *Karl Schmidt* and *Oliver Herford*. Holt. $2.

THE MANDARIN COAT. By *Alice C. D. Riley*. Brentanos. $1.75.

MISTER PITT. By *Zona Gale*. Appleton. $2.

DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS FROM JOHN BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Arranged by *Mrs. George MacDonald*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS. By *Eugene O'Neill*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

Economics

PROTECTIVE LABOR LEGISLATION. By *Elizabeth Faulkner Baker*. Longmans, Green.

EDUCATION, THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER. By *Horace M. Kallen*. New Republic.

Education

STATISTICAL TABLES FOR STUDENTS IN EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY. By *Karl J. Holzinger*. University of Chicago Press.

PROGRESSIVE COMPOSITION. By *Frances Perry*. World Book Co. $1.44.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR CHILD TRAINING. By *Arland D. Weeks*. Appleton. $2.

SCHOOL FOR JOHN AND MARY. By *Elizabeth Banks*. Putnam. $2.

GENETIC STUDIES OF GENIUS. Vol. I. By *Lewis M. Terman* and a group of associates. Stanford University Press.

Fiction

THE COBWEB. By MARGARETTA TUTTLE. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

The author of "Feet of Clay," has in her present novel accomplished, we believe, a vastly more appealing and substantial work than its forerunner. There are here an even grade of literary excellence, a subdued and mellow simplicity, a gift for sharply individualized character creation which should commend it strongly to those seeking fiction of a civilized and serious type rather than the less solid varieties. The entire story is pitched in a prevailingly somber key, despite the occasional brief intrusions of a gently brighter vein. Pathos, that rare thing so often and clumsily attempted with results impotent or maudlin, Mrs. Tuttle achieves with a delicate and penetrating melancholy, which flows steadily and imperceptibly beneath the surface of the story's visible movement.

The story opens in a small Ohio city where we meet Linda, the daughter of George MacGrath, who edits brilliantly, but in comparative obscurity, one of the local dailies. Editorial anonymity, imposed upon him by the paper's owner, has confined recognition of MacGrath's journalistic eminence to the little staff of grateful subordinates whom he has "discovered" and trained. Underpaid, overworked, broken in health, he incurs the enmity of his employer and is dismissed from his post on the day that he suffers a lung hemorrhage which sentences him to tubercular invalidism and penury. A minor character secures the aid of George's brother, Alexander, a well-to-do New York business man, who undertakes to meet the expenses of maintaining the consumptive at Saranac Lake and instals the dependent Linda in his own home as housekeeper.

It is in New York and on the north shore of Long Island, shifting toward the close to the country estate of Linda's maternal ancestors in Virginia, that the greater portion of the narrative develops. The mainspring of the latter is supplied by two separate love themes and the endeavors of MacGrath's former employer to gain possession of the Virginia property because of its gas and oil values.

With a decision returned against the scheming defendants, there ends what might be broadly termed the "plot action." But as is frequently found in novels of the better sort, the dominant appeal and significance of this book are conveyed to us almost wholly by elements which depend only superficially upon plot. Incident, of course, follows incident, in a well-handled, ascending sequence, toward an appointed crisis in which certain characters clash with and are vanquished by other characters. That is always to be expected, but Mrs. Tuttle's fictional people interested and impressed us far more deeply than anything they did, seemed far nearer to our own sympathies and understanding than those we usually find in books. This is a novel which we finished with feelings of grateful indebtedness; it held our attention closely throughout, but the mood in which it leaves one is not likely to be very gay.

THE TURN OF A DAY. By C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT. Holt. 1925. $2.

It is a relief to turn from the smoky, factory-laden atmosphere of the "Arnold Bennett country," from the supercilious austerity of the streets of Mayfair, from the bland and fashionable castle-infested English shires, to the wide untroubled horizons and rolling green of the Cornish downs. Life there, it seems, moves with the inevitability of the stars and seasons. There is no complicated "psychology" with which to confuse the mind and cloud the issue. This is a peasant tragedy—the story of a husband and wife, the man who comes between them, and their reactions to the act which changes the course of their lives.

As a background to the three characters, who work out their destiny in a strange and unexpected way, and who accept their fate with the humility of which the peasant mind alone is capable, there are the pastoral scenes of farm-yard and stall. One feels with the discontented young wife, the loneliness of the farm-house, the lights of the nearest neighbors a speck in the distance, and all day long the cows and sheep for company. One see the cattle-market in the village, the friendly gossiping group of farmers gath-

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cred in the public-house, the narrow High Street, with its bow-windowed shops.

All this is described in the rich rythm of Cornish phraseology—a natural and picturesque running accompaniment to the tale. One feels that here is the very soul of that little-known corner of England and that in these people and their characteristics, some of the ruggedness and strength of their own spreading country-side is expressed.

THE WOMAN I AM. By AMBER LEE. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

This version of the courtesan's progress purports to be the true life story of a notorious "fancy" woman. It is written in the first person, under a pseudonym, all the characters being similarly disguised, and tells with considerable ability of the fireside intimacy which existed between the principal and the various moneyed imbeciles who supported her.

The book, if seriously observed as autobiography, reveals with startling candor the complete, full-length portrait of a modern Jezebel, a high toned, super-harlot, whose undraped reality is distinct in every scarlet detail. It is undoubtedly "naughty" and not for "tots," but there is obviously no temptation in it to fascinate the prurient instincts of the wayward and immature. We have carefully pondered the contents, and it is our opinion that the concluding pages of Amber's story give the entire book a sort of sterilization in the mind of the reader by so strongly arousing his revulsion that he is incapable of regarding her with any kindlier feelings than a sickened incredulity. Here, in her later phase, Amber develops the harrowing features of a case fit for inclusion among the specimens on view in Dr. Kraft-Ebing's scientific works.

THE CACTUS. By CHARLES CHADWICK. Crowell. 1925. $2.

A good argument could be made in support of the kind of detective puzzle story that is a sort of fairy tale for adults, moving in a land of its own and living by its own laws, or lack of law—a limbo in which anything may quite properly happen, however improbable it would be in a prosaic everyday world. That is, provided the happenings are not too absurdly improbable. There is a good deal of that fairy story element in this yarn, though it manages to keep sufficiently rooted to the actually possible to save itself from burlesque. At the end we are told that "Aunt Cecilia" (a minor character who is interested in the movies) is "overpowered by the amount of material she has got out of it for scenarios." That is also the reader's feeling, but they are good scenarios. The trouble began in that well-known incubator of troubles, Greenwich Village, where a mysterious gentleman from Mexico gets himself mysteriously murdered, in the good old locked-room-key-inside-window-fastened, etc., situation. So the romantic heroine and a large following of amateur and professional sleuths had to go 'way off into the wilds of Mexico to solve the problem. And, of course, anything can happen in Mexico, including a bomb from an aeroplane and still more surprising conversations in the aforesaid 'plane while it is traveling at top speed. It is all quite impossible and quite entertaining.

SANDALWOOD. By FULTON OURSLER. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

A house, Dutch Colonial style, just like dozens of other houses in any New York suburb; Eddie Carpenter, a piano salesman, who belongs to a family of "hundred-per-centers"; his wife, Lucy, who cooks nourishing food for him; Faith Waring, a romantic music-teacher, disappointed virtuoso, who gives him her love and wakes him up to a realization that the life he has been living is all "piffle"; and, of course, a conclusion to the whole matter, which the author makes easy for himself by having the music-teacher so romantic that she commits suicide. Even out of such over-worked elements, Mr. Oursler has written a novel that has a remarkable originality.

He obtains this mainly by the very skilful irony with which he tells the story. Those types which are being satirized will take the book as a "corking" tale and will never guess that they themselves are in it. The sophisticated will be delighted over the author's adroitness in being popular and at the same time serious. They will admire the excellent dramatic opening of the story, the graceful movement of the style, and the quick manner of disposing of a climax. However, they will regret that there are too many climaxes, that Mr. Oursler is too occupied with situations *per se*. Certainly, they will not forgive him for his compromise with the sentimental reader in having the victimized music-teacher leave her fortune to the piano salesman, who, after all, cannot live above the influence of his family of "hundred-per-centers."

"Sandalwood" has not the breadth of scope, the bigness of theme, of Mr. Oursler's novel of last year, "Behold This Dreamer!" But it is more intense, more polished, much finer. It is a proof that the author has the technic, while the earlier book shows that he has the ideas. It is reasonable to expect something really significant from him. What he needs most is to forget that such a creature as the "popular reader" exists.

MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS. By MATHILDE EIKER. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

Among the recent novels portraying the growth of the individuality in struggle against the mass mind and the limitations of its own nature, "Mrs. Mason's Daughters" stands well to the fore. For a first novel it is a happy achievement, with a maturity of thought behind it, well gauged and feelingly experienced. Miss Eiker is a teacher in a Washington high school, and much of her success can be attributed to her choice of so familiar a field, and her capacity for its disinterested observation.

The story is chiefly concerned with the spiritual progress of Fernanda, the eldest of Mrs. Mason's daughters, a teacher of history, an efficient disciplinarian of her pupils, a loadstone to herself, officially "F. Mason," decent, unmarriageable, pathetic. Living with her mother and unmarried sister, Pauline, amid the holocaust of impeccable respectability, she shares their emotional leanness, a part of the common antagonism to all less narrowed society, participating no less in all their petty cruelties of family life. The war comes, and with it a slowly awakened sensitivity, which is admirably delineated by the author.

Miss Mason yearned for contact with the soil, attempted to grind her heel into the soil. But her heels were sensible flat walking heels. . . . What was the matter with school teaching? . . . With that day that would be like all other days that had gone before, like all other days that would come after? . . . Symbol of what?

Thence through a series of gradual reactions, Fernanda, incidentally quickened by her contact with Dr. Mantuan, finally emerges into a peaceful and intelligent fruition of her nature. For her, at last, "the gods are knowing that the half-gods are not gods"; a conclusion to the book as logically sanguine as its ascent is natural in design.

Despite her analysis of character, at its best sometimes approaching the profound, and her adroit handling of the social and physical forces involved, the author frequently lessens the value of her findings through the uneven quality of her style; and although the structure of the plot is skilful, happily free from all auxiliary scaffolding, much of the dialogue is over-effusive and a loss of vigor deserving of the purpose results.

But Miss Eiker brings to her work a clear and well poised mind. Her seeing of her world is blurred by few illusions; and consistent well thinking has taught her to reach beyond that enforced cleverness, that trick "sophistication" too usual with large sales and cheap writing. It is evident from her work that she is seeking a way of life, untrammelled, intimate, knowing. For her, too, the half-gods are not gods. And it is this personal search, chiefly, coupled with her delicate sense of its irony, which renders this book of more than usual moment.

THE FIGHT ON THE STANDING STONE. By FRANCIS LYNDE. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Mr. Lynde brings to the making of strenuous frontier fiction something more than the usual equipment of most specialists in that well filled field. His plots are well built, although on standardized patterns: there is an ample supply of fighting, and he makes free use of the situations one expects. Yet the result manages to be unhackneyed chiefly because he avoids too much extravagance and does not allow his people to overplay their parts. Indeed, they are well drawn characters; individuals rather than merely samples of a type. This new story is an affair of railroad building in the mountains: of rivalry and intrigue and finally, pitched battles between the forces of two competing companies. The hero is the chief construction engineer of one concern and the heavy villain is a "Wall Street magnate" and executive of the other company. He is also the guardian of the inevitable girl with whom the hero is predestined to fall in love. It is all familiar ground, much traveled, but Mr. Lynde makes an entertaining trip of it.

THE LOW ROAD. By ISABELLA HOLT. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

Juliana Glen's renunciation of the high road of adventurous independence and her acceptance of the low road of marital compromise and makeshift form the central theme of Miss Holt's story. As far as the reader's interest is concerned, however, this struggle of the heroine is less important than the gradual distintegration of the Glen family, as marriage after marriage severs the constantly fraying ties of their home. These two main currents of plot give opportunity for some rather neat bits of character drawing and for a saddeningly vivid depiction of a woman's world when all her hope and joy have disappeared.

The opening of the novel is strangely lacking in facility, and there are occasional halts and losses of momentum throughout the book. Juliana's character is usually credible, but its development goes by fits and starts, leaving gaps which are fatal to a convincing progression. The intended climax of the story, a symphony concert which reveals the girl's soul to herself, falls short of effectiveness through excess of detail and an insufficiency of clarity.

There is much of the familiar stuff of living here, set forth without cant or distortion. The better passages are often amusing, penetrating well below the surface of their problems.

DEAD RIGHT. By JENNETTE LEE. Scribners. 1925. $2.

The heroine of this story is a psychologist-detective. Her theory is that if the motives which underly the occurrences in a crime can be discovered the details of its execution will come to light readily. To this end her researches in the solution of the will case about which the story centers are largely into the characters of the principals. The idea presents most interesting possibilities: offering, as it does, a chance for the plot value of the detective story combined with the character study of more thoughtful fiction. Unfortunately these

(*Continued on next page*)

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Then, in "SOUNDINGS," THE FORUM presented the girl who *faced her sex as a God-given fact,* rather than an accident or a misfortune. In May, THE FORUM introduces a new author, *Pierre Coalfleet,* a young Canadian, who writes of the glorious Canadian Northwest, and of "the great adventure," in a new way. THE FORUM'S new serial, "HARE AND TORTOISE," is worthy of the company it keeps.
In the wilds of Alberta *Keble* had found the thing for which he was eager to sacrifice himself—a new country. Then he met *the girl,* human counterpart of all "the mysterious and spacious in nature," which had cast its spell upon him. *Keble* idealized,—who could keep ahead of her, command her, surprise, shock and seduce her, snatch her off her feet,—the *Keble* who failed to exist, *Louise* loves against hope. Both lovers passionately want to understand. Passion flames. But *Keble* and *Louise* build their temples and *burn incense to reason.*

A PLEA FOR THE POPE

The Pope represents "religious authority." Catholicism is "a religion of authority,—exclusive, intolerant, missionary and successful," says Dr. Frederick Joseph Kinsman, former Episcopal Bishop, now a Roman Catholic, in the third of THE FORUM series on "Catholicism in America." "Attacks upon the Catholic Church are the result of misunderstandings, confusion and spectres of imagination." He denies that there is any conflict between Rome and our Republic, and urges that "open discussion is good for any cause."
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

possibilities are not realized in "Dead Right." The characters, although interesting enough in themselves, seem as remote and detached as so many pictures on the wall of a gallery. One never gets close enough to have any personal feeling of affection or interest toward them. The plot interest is weak because the narrative is disjointed and lacks movement and intensity. Miss Lee has had two excellent horses to ride but has fallen between them. Her plot development has prevented her from drawing the characters fully and convincingly, and her interest in character has slowed up the action and weakened the connection between the parts of the story.

FORTUNE'S YELLOW. By EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER. Scribner. 1925. $2.

This story will make pleasant warm-weather reading. It has an unhurried flow, without distinction. Its merits lie chiefly in a sense of plausibility, within the limits of the romantic, and in a fair reasonableness in the portrayal of the characters. Its middle-aged heroine is pleasingly different from the usual type of heroine in popular novels.

There is no discordant note to jar an amiable tale. Life, looked at through this book, has no serious drawbacks and no mean complications that cannot be straightened out by a smile or two. Precisely the idea which some jaded people will like to hypnotize themselves with on a languid spring or a sultry summer day.

WATLING'S. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Stokes. 1925. $2.

It is not every young aristocrat who has to go into business to prove that he is worthy of marrying a business man's daughter. Yet the hero of this particular novel does. Thus is reversed the usual formula whereby the young business man is at first turned down because he is not of gentle birth yet by dint of natural aristocracy—could it be otherwise?—at last wins the coveted prize. The old order changeth, giving way to the new. And lo! the poor aristocrat who finds himself at the bottom of the ladder and must work his way up in this busy business world. The hero of "Watling's" had, we suppose, the proper stuff in him. He got there, wherever that may be, and married the business man's daughter. Which, evidently, was a consummation devoutly to be wished. Having reversed the usual situation of such novels, Mr. Vachell can write still another by beginning in the middle and working out to both ends.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS. By ARTHUR B. REEVE. Harpers. 1925. $2.

"The news of the world," Mr. Reeve remarks, "is full of crime, because crime interests human beings. There is just enough devil in all of us to listen to such tales." That may be one reason why even so flatly mechanical a production as this manages to hold one's interest fairly well, for most of Mr. Reeve's crimes are at least ingeniously devised though some of his murders come a bit too near to the fantastically improbable. Read at one sitting the episodes become tiresome, largely because of the sameness in the trick of the solution of the puzzle. In all cases the absurd Craig Kennedy pulls the proper answer out of his pocket at the last moment, out of something that he, in his superior perceptiveness has noted but which has been carefully concealed from the reader, who has been told, simply, that the great Kennedy has observed "something" somewhere in his investigation that others have missed. The "Fourteen Points" of the title, which are the points of the compass, the four "elements" of air, earth, fire, and water, and the "senses" (with "common sense" thrown in to make a sixth) have practically nothing to do with most of the stories, being lugged in by the ears to serve as titles: a puerile device.

SCHOOLING. By PAUL SELVER. A. and C. Boni. 1925. $2.50.

This is a story of a fourth-rate English school, run by third-rate men for second-rate boys. Everybody lives in a state of chronic exasperation with everybody else, and the masters find their only relief in the pursuit of the kitchen maids and other ladies of unquestionable reputation. From Dr. Stack, who runs the astonishing muddle which is Greendale Grammar School, down to the unsophisticated Leonard Malden, there is not in this book a single worthy character, man, woman, or boy. In spite, therefore, of certain clever bits of characterization and an occasional flash of wit, the book is shallow and unconvincing. At times, it seems as though Paul Selver, obviously English, were elaborately spoofing his American readers.

UNDER THE LEVEE. By E. EARL SPARLING. Scribners. 1925. $2.

"Under the Levee" is a collection of short stories mainly concerned with the red light district of New Orleans. After reading a few pages of the book it becomes apparent that Mr. Sparling has not sufficient imagination to give a living impression of the bespangled harlots and bleary-eyed footpads that he delights to describe. His stories of the night life of the Southern port are such as might have been the result of the note-book jottings of a young journalist who has spent half a dozen nights "out" looking for copy.

The fact is these tales are surface tales and seldom touch that undercurrent of turbulent poetry which alone interprets life truly. Popular writing of this kind so favored by our age represents merely the artificial façade of existence, whereas below the stereotyped external appearance of even commonplace people there may often be found unique, individual, and improbable thoughts and sensations. Merely to write of cafés "where the yellow lights stab out on the night" means nothing. We can read that kind of thing in half the magazines on the bookstalls.

Mr. Sparling often spoils his stories by giving them a weak and sentimental ending. In "The Creole Shadow," for example, how absurd to suggest that the intelligence of Louey Alcide, the prize-fighter, could be turned on and off like an electric light!

And how tawdry is the first story, entitled "Little Teeny and Cajin Joe," which ends with the "big ungainly tears" of Cajin Joe! And yet it must be remembered that this kind of thing is written under the inspiration of that city whose cobble stones, so it has been reported, "are surrounded by black mud which appears to have been left to grow stagnant and putrid and to breed murder from the days of some incredible massacre when it was red and not black."

THE CIRCLE OF THE STARS. By JOAN SUTHERLAND. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Here in this tale are all the characters and situations that the dime-novel-reading-public has learned to love, plus the stock materials of the cinema. There is the brutal husband, the trodden but transcendant wife, the cocktailed younger set, and the African official, with a Raleigh and a Bluebeard for every lady fair.

Here too, is English society, painted with all the gusto and finesse of Podunk, Maine. Nor are official regions disregarded. Anglo-African affairs come into prominence, though no further than is absolutely vital to the course of the story. And the movement never flags. On the contrary, it moves in a swift circle toward its pre-determined end. Drink and seduction, riot and religion, debauchery and want, hustle it through to the goal of Everafter. The book is more than half a movie now. Some day it will make a stupendous film of the Great Open Spaces and the Madding Throng.

ON BOARD THE MORNING STAR. By PIERRE MACORLAN. Translated from the French by MALCOLM COWLEY. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

The literary prowess of Pierre MacOrlan-Dumarchais is not unknown to American readers whose eyes turn sometimes to France. Although he is forty-two years old, has resided in Paris since his youth, and during most of this time has frequented the most interesting literary society of the capital and helped to guide the destinies of a great publishing house, MacOrlan has come to the fore as a writer only since the war. In these few years, however, he has produced the work of a life-time. "Les Poissons morts," "Le Chant de l'Equipage," "Petit Manuel, du Parfait Aventurier," "La Chronique des Temps Sésesperes," "La Cavaliere Elsa," "Malice," and most recently "La Vénus Internationale," have each in their turn informed a growing public that a new writer, happily free of pretensions to profundity and from every embarrassing allegiance, armed with a magically adept style and an inexhaustible, prying, droll, impertinent imagination has stepped forth from the drab banality of contemporary literature.

"A bord *l'Etoile Matutine*" is by no means MacOrlan's cleverest or most successful book, but it is an excellent choice with which to introduce him to the American public; for it has all the lyricism, sophistication, deftness, and originality of his best work, with none of the eroticism and social bitterness which rather disfigure some of his books.

It is to be hoped that "On Board the *Morning Star*" will be greeted with sufficient appreciation to direct the interest of American publishers to this discreetly scintillant writer, and that his books will always have the good fortune to fall to the hands of translators who can render them with as much tact, fidelity, and spirit as Mr. Malcolm Cowley has done by this.

A CERTAIN CROSSROAD. By EMILIE LORING. Penn. 1925. $2.

It is a pity that the word, "lady-like," has acquired a belittling, even derisory connotation: it would exactly describe such novels as this, if it could be used with no derogatory sense. This is ladylike romance and a very good specimen of its kind: a pleasing tale, conceived and told entirely from a woman's point of view, although it deals with such rough masculine stuff as the "rumrunner" and "hijacker," and involves some strenuous action. Its young doctor-hero, and the other good young and old men, are very noble, but not too noble. The villain is a bad lot, but we feel sure all the time that he will not be allowed to go too far or to become too offensive. He will at least retain a semblance of good manners. The women are done with greater realism, especially the heroine, who is of the gallant girl type, headstrong, intelligent, a bit inclined to be selfish, but capable of outgrowing that: a really engaging young woman displayed with much skill in character drawing. But, after all, the plot's the thing in such a tale. This is a good one, especially in the suspense as to just what the "mystery" is; you know, of course, at the outset that it involves smuggling, but the precise how and what and who of the situation is cleverly tangled up until the disclosure is quite due and then the puzzle is neatly unravelled. A plot something like some of Mrs. Rinehart's, but lacking their exuberance of humor.

THE DOOM WINDOW. By MAURICE DRAKE. Dutton. 1925. $2.

When modern romance goes a-subject-hunting its selection is too often trite and threadbare. Or if its subject is a likely one, replete with fresh and potential matter, the spirit of pot-boilers has a familiar way of luring it through conventional courses of "fraud, exciting adventure, and big business," to die in the arms of some creaky "love appeal."

Such is the fate of "The Doom Window," for Mr. Drake has submerged his opportunity in the claptrap of cheap fiction. Stained-glass and the reconstruction of old English churches should lend him an inviting atmosphere for a fascinating piece of story-telling. But Mr. Drake succeeds well in neither. We hear much of the process of stained-glass manufacture and the ins-and-outs of the business, but there is no delicate coloring, no sense of blending tints, of antique lines, such as we should like to feel from such a background; and the "romance" is anything but uncommon.

THE SLEEPER OF THE MOONLIT RANGES. By *Edison Marshall*. Cosmopolitan. $2.
THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS. By *Verner von Heidenstam*. Knopf. $3 net.
THE HORLA. By *Guy de Maupassant*. Knopf.
THE PEASANTS. By *Ladislas Reymont*. Vol. III, Spring. Knopf. $2.50 net.
HARVEST IN POLAND. By *Geoffrey Dennis*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
THE SHINING PYRAMID. By *Arthur Machen*. *Knopf*. $2.50 net.
YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA. By *Willa Cather*. Knopf.
ROCKING MOON. By *Barrett Willoughby*. Putnam. $2.
A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. By *John F. McIntyre*. Stokes. $1.50.
PASSION AND PAIN. By *Stefan Zweig*. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co. $2.50 net.
TEMESCAL. By *H. H. Knibbs*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE DIPPERS. By *Ben Travers*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
ROOKERY NOOK. By *Ben Travers*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
A CUCKOO IN THE NEST. By *Ben Travers*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
THE GREAT GATSBY. By *F. Scott Fitzgerald*. Scribners. $2.
FLEETFIN. By *Clarke Venable*. Reilly & Lee.
THE MANDARIN'S BELL. By *Edward Noble*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
LIFTING MIST. By *Austin Harrison*. Seltzer. $2.
AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR. By *Stephen McKenna*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
THE GROOTE PARK MURDER. By *Freeman Wills Croft*. Seltzer. $2.
ANNA'S. By *G. Nina Boyle*. Selzer. $2.
PATTERN. By *Rose L. Franken*. Scribners. $2.
LAST HOPE RANCH. By *Charles Alden Seltzer*. Century. $2.
SNUFFS AND BUTTERS. By *Ellen N. La Motte*. Century. $1.75.
THE CHASE. By *Mollie Panter-Downes*. Putnam. $2.
BURNED EVIDENCE. By *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow*. Putnam. $2.
THE WAY OF ALL EARTH. By *Edith Barnard Delane*. *Boni & Liveright*. $2.
MINNIE FLYNN. By *Frances Marion*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
BEHIND THE RANGES. By *Anne Shannon Monroe*. Doubleday Page. $2 net.
DOCTOR S. O. S. By Lee Thayer. Doubleday, Page. $2.
THE MYSTERY OF THE SINGING WALLS. By *William Averill Stowell*. Appleton. $2.
THE LITTLE DARK MAN. By *Ernest Poole*. Macmillan. $2.
PURPLE AND FINE WOMEN. By *Edgar Saltus*. Covici.
PAID IN FULL. By *Ian Hay*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
A HASTY BUNCH. By *Robert McAlmon*. Privately printed.
TWO SELVES. By *Bryher*. Paris: Contact Publishing Co.
POST-ADOLESCENCE. By *Robert McAlmon*. Contact.
A COMPANION VOLUME. By *Robert McAlmon*. Contact.
GREAT PIRATE STORIES. Edited by *Joseph Louis French*. Brentanos. $2.
GREAT SEA STORIES. Edited by *Joseph Louis French*. Brentanos. $2.
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. By *Charles Dickens*. (The World's Classics.) Oxford.
A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. By *Sir Walter Scott*. Oxford. $1.20.
DAWN ISLAND. By *Cecil Adair*. Greenberg.
A BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS. By *Justin Heresford, Jr.* Marshall, Jones.
THE MYSTERY OF REDMAROT FARM. By *Archibald Marshall*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE WAY OF STARS. By *L. Adams Beck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Foreign

LIBROS Y AUTORES MODERNOS. By *César Barja*. Selling agents, G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.
LA VIERGE AU GRAND COEUR. By Francois *Porché*. Paris: Grasset.
HAY UNA FILOSOFIA EN EL QUIJOTE? By *David Rubio*. New York: Instituto de las Españas.
FRAY LUIS DE LEON. By *Abate A. Lugan*. New York: Instituto de las Españas.
FILOSOFIA DEL DERECHO. By Mariano Aram*buro*. Vol. I. New York: Instituto de las Españas.
LES HEROINES DE CORNEILLE. By *Maria Tastevin*. Paris: Champion.
IL CHARTAR DI LANCELLOTTO. Edited by *E. T. Griffiths*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

History

THE CALIPHATE. By SIR THOMAS W. ARNOLD. Oxford University Press. 1924. $3.50.

In the preface to this volume Professor Arnold modestly disclaims doing more than present to English readers the results of researches by European authorities on Muslim history, but his exposition on the theory of the Caliphate is none the less interesting and, within its limits, original. Its service to students lies primarily in its summary of material from a wide range of texts and commentaries and its concentration upon a title familiar but generally misunderstood in the West. The appellation of *Khalifah* cannot be traced to Muhammad but seems to have been prompted by Abu Bakr's genuine humility in calling himself a "Successor" instead of representative of the Prophet. When his followers had secured most of the power and wealth of the eastern Mediterranean regions the dignity of the greatest office in the mediæval world sufficiently glorified the title. Its secular and sacred functions were expressed by two other designations, *Amir*, or Commander (of the Faithful), and *Iman*, or Leader (of public worship), both employed with varying degrees of emphasis and propriety down to present times. The sanctions and assumptions of the chief potentate of Islam are defined in fourteen short chapters of a book which is a model of logical and penetrating exposition.

Professor Arnold considers the popular conception of a Caliph as Pope and Emperor combined in one to be fallacious. There is no relativity between Muslim and Christian systems, owing to the absence of a priesthood in Islam. No functions corresponding to those of a Pope could be given or denied to a sovereign; they did not exist in the minds of the faithful whose metaphysical and religious demands were perforce satisfied by persons known as the Ulama—students of theology, but laymen without spiritual or sacerdotal powers. If there is no church there cannot be a head of a church, whatever be the influence or pretensions of religious thinkers. Comparisons between religious systems that have no common terms have led Western writers into similar pitfalls in their attempts to explain the sacro-sanct institution of the Mikado. In Japan the descendants of a

(*Continued on page 716*)

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page 714*)

tribal chieftain were clothed upon with divine ancestors, later transformed by priestcraft into the embodiment of a cult with a Chinese name and finally corrupted into an abstraction, while mayors of the palace seized the real authority. Like all Occidental scholars, the author fails to observe connotations of Far-Eastern conceptions of religious functions involved in rulership, presenting analogies and contrasts that might be profitably expounded to make clearer our understanding of other non-Christian organizations.

MEDIEVAL CITIES. By *Henri Pirenne*. Translated by *Frank D. Halsey*. Princeton University Press. $2.50 net.

HISTORY OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE. By *Charles Diehl*. Princeton University Press.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. By *James Anthony Froude*. Oxford. 80 cents.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF BENGAL. By *F. J. Monahan*. Oxford. $5.

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1775. By *Harold* Murdock. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By *J. S. Hoyland*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

AN ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY OF HELIODORUS. (Abbey Classics.) Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

International

THE ISLES OF FEAR. By *Katherine Mayo* Harcourt, Brace.

CRIME IN INDIA. By *S. M. Edwardes*. Oxford University Press. $3.

TWO ORDEALS OF DEMOCRACY. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

FEDERATIONS AND UNIONS WITHIN THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By *Hugh Edward Egerton*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

NATIONAL ISOLATION AN ILLUSION. By *Perry Belmont*. Putnam. $4.50.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION. By *William McDougall*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

STUDIES IN MID-VICTORIAN IMPERIALISM. By *C. A. Bodelsen*. Knopf.

THE CHALLENGE OF ASIA. By *Stanley Rice*. Scribners. $2.25.

MANCHURIA. By *Adach Kinnosuke*. McBride. $5 net.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE. By *Louis Aubert*. Yale University Press. $2.

Juvenile

PEEP IN THE WORLD. By F. E. CRICHTON. Longmans, Green. 1925. $1.75.

In this story of a little girl who went to spend a year in her uncle's old castle in the mountains of Germany are many of the elements that has made "Heidi" such a popular children's classic. Here is the true stuff of folk lore and joyous fancy:—ancient castles with pointed turrets; old gardens and Grimm's fairy tale forests where live real woodcutters and the little Dwarf Knut, so friendly to the small heroine; and tiny clustered villagers full of kindly, quaintly dressed folk. There are moments, it must be confessed, when we feel that the little girl is distantly related to "Pollyanna", but these are few and far between and on the whole there is less of that conscious ingenuousness which mars so many juveniles.

THE WHITE GIANT AND THE BLACK GIANT. By ANNIE W. FRANCHOT. Dutton. 1924. $2.

Two very modern small boys are the heroes of this highly moral story which concerns their adventures, first, in the forest presided over by the kindly White Giant, and later, in the one where the wicked Black Giant holds them in his power. The Giants themselves manage to have distinct personalities of their own despite the fact that they stand as symbols of Good and Evil. The story although following along the line of old folk and fairy tales has much humor and freshness in the telling.

TONY AND THE BIG TOP. By *Allen Chaffee*. Century. $1.75.

THE INDIAN CANOE. By *Russell D. Smith*. Century. $1.75.

THAT'S THAT. By *Beth A. Retner*. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

WIDE-OPEN EYE. By *Nina Purdy*. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

BASES FULL. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. Appleton. $1.75.

WONDER CLOCK PLAYS. By *Sophie L. Goldsmith*. Harpers. $2.

THE CRICKET OF CARADOR. By *Joseph Alger* and *Ogden Nash*. Doubleday, Page. $1.75 net.

PEDLAR'S WARE By *Margaret* and *Mary Baker*. Duffield. $1.50.

STORMJE, THE DOG STEALER. By *Robert F. Schulkers*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE MYSTERIOUS TUTOR. By *Gladys Blake*. Appleton. $1.75.

FOUGHT FOR ANNAPOLIS. By *Fitzhugh Green*. Appleton. $1.75.

THE TREASURE AT SHADY VALE. By *Christine Whiting Parmenter*. Doubleday, Page. $1.75 net.

TRAIL AND PACKHORSE. By *James Howard Hull*. Doubleday, Page. $1.75 net.

Miscellaneous

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. 11 vols. Dutton. 1925.

Lovers of good literature, whose purses are not as long as their interest, will hail with pleasure the publication of eleven new volumes in the admirable Everyman's Library series. Here are Trollope's "The Golden Lion of Granpere" and "Short Stories from Russian Authors," in the way of fiction; Livy's "History of Rome," in the domain of the classics; "The Journal of George Fox" and Swift's "Journal to Stella," in the field of biography; "The Paston Letters" in two volumes; "The Speeches of Charles James Fox"; "The Collected Poems of Alexander Pope," and Morley Roberts's "The Western Avernus." A goodly collection, and one that should go entire or in part on to many shelves.

THE BOOKMAN'S GLOSSARY. By JOHN A. HOLDEN. Bowker. 1925. $2.

For all who are interested in the production or distribution of books and for those who are engaged in editing, this volume should prove of large usefulness. A glossary of terms employed in the bookman's trade, it is conveniently arranged for ready reference, its entries appearing in alphabetical order, with frequent cross-references. In addition to its definitions it contains a list of classical names of towns and places, an enumeration of curious editions of the Bible, and specimen pages of favored typefaces for book work.

TRACK AND FIELD. By T. E. JONES. Scribners. 1925. $2.

This is more than a merely informative book. It is concise, direct, and carefully prepared from first class experience. The Physical Director at the University of Wisconsin has provided within a compact, thoroughly practical volume, a straight to the point, bone and sinew treatise on the principles and details of training and practice for the various events of track and field sports. It is improved by at least a hundred photographs of important performers in their respective fields, illustrating form and its variations; and has handy tables, and numerous valuable diagrams which detail training procedure in the relays, hurdles, vaulting, the "throws" etc. While this is primarily a manual for beginners and secondary school coaches, it need not be considered a space-stealer on the shelves of any athlete's library. The "Badger" coach has done a good turn for embryo champions and the cause of sport in general.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE JURYMAN. By ROBERT STEWART SUTLIFFE. Appleton. 1925. $1.

A prominent jurist has said, that next to the duty of a soldier fighting for his country, the most important duty of a citizen is to perform the functions of a juryman. In the criminal courts he is fighting the enemies of law and order; in the civil courts he is fighting for justice, good government, and the proper application of the law. Yet many men of high intelligence, and outstanding ability consistently evade jury service. To such men a special appeal is made in this book. Without the services of such men our legal system can never attain its maximum effectiveness.

The author, after eighteen years' experience as a juryman in the civil and criminal courts of New York, embodies his observations in this entertaining little book. He portrays with picturesque detail the juryman amid the formalities of court procedure, and in the seclusion of the jury retiring room. Mr. Sutliffe knows how to tell a capital story, and tells one frequently. A perusal of his book ensures one a pleasant and profitable hour's reading.

THE RETURN OF THE "CUTTY SARK." By C. FOX SMITH. Lauriat. 1925. $1.25.

In the life of ships a half-century is reckoned a long time, and few there be that survive the perils of wind and wave, or the gnawing action of the years to reach even that age. This little volume records, however, the biography of one of the most famous of English sailing ships built in the Victorian period, the "Cutty Sark," still afloat, and past her fifty-fifth year.

Starting on her career as that aristocrat of ocean commerce, a tea clipper, she became widely renowned for her record-smashing voyages, her splendid officers, and her phenomenal good luck. When steam robbed her of her lucrative tea cargoes, she avenged herself on more than one occasion by leaving her steam rivals in her wake.

By some miracle escaping the risks of war, she now lies in Falmouth harbor, a mute reminder of the shipping days that are past. After reading her history even we landsmen cannot fail to have a feeling akin to sympathy for this beautiful ship, condemned to ride quietly at anchor, after passing through so many glorious adventures of wind and wave, of sea and fog. A number of rousing sea poems give to the reading of this book an added zest.

OUR DEBT AND DUTY TO THE FARMER. By HENRY C. WALLACE. Century. 1925.

Henry C. Wallace, who died late in 1924, was one of the most effective Secretaries ever appointed to the Department of Agriculture. For years a practical farmer, and later editor of a widely read farm paper, he brought to his work and to the writing of this book a wealth of experience and practical knowledge possessed by few men.

When, in March 1921, he assumed the duties of his office the agricultural interests of the nation had entered upon a period of depression unparalleled in our history. In this book he gives a clear analysis of the causes of this depression, pointing out to what extent this was due to natural influences, and how far to the mistaken policy of the Government. He indicates the way by which the farmer may be rescued from his plight, and reviews the work already done in this direction by Congress. Special attention is given to the work of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, and to the national conference on agriculture called by President Harding in 1922. Throughout his study Mr. Wallace fortifies his arguments by an imposing array of statistics.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BAD MEN. By *Arthur Train*. Scribners. $3.

THIRTY YEARS AMONG THE DEAD. By *Carl A. Wickland*. Los Angeles: National Psychological Society. $3.

THE PAPERS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA. Vol. XVII, Part II. University of Chicago Press.

FLOUR MILLING INDUSTRY. By *E. Leigh Pearson*. Pitman. $3.75.

FROM INFANCY TO CHILDHOOD. By *Richard M. Smith*. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.25.

CHILD MARRIAGES. By *Mary E. Richmond* and *Fred S. Hall*. Russell Sage Foundation. $1.50.

KELSEY'S RURAL GUIDE. By *David Stone Kelsey*. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.50.

THE DEFENSE OF THE CHILD BY FRENCH NOVELISTS. By *Clifford Stetson Parker*. Menasha, Wis.: Banta.

GOD IS WRITING A BOOK. By *Howard L. Waldo*. Dorrance. $2.

BROADCASTING: ITS NEW DAY. By *Samuel L. Rothafel* and *Rays*.

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN. By *Pamela Grey*. Stokes. $1.50 net.

PAUL BUNYAN. By *James Stevens*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

A GUIDE TO THE BEST HISTORICAL NOVELS AND TALES. By *Jonathan Nield*. Putnam. $4.50.

MY SECRETS OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY. By *Edna Wallace Hopper*. Reilly & Lee.

PHYSICAL TRAINING MANUAL. By *Arthur W. Wallander*. New York. Siebel Press, 32 West 20th Street.

EVERYMAN'S HOUSE. By *Caroline Bartlett Crane*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE SUBURBAN TREND. By *H. Paul Douglass*. Century. $2.

COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. By *Don E. Mowry*. Madison, Wis.: Cantwell Press. $4.25.

A GUIDE TO THE TREES. By *Carlton C. Curtis*. Greenberg. $1.50.

THE DANCE. By *Margaret N. H'Doubler*. Harcourt, Brace.

HOLD HARD! HOUNDS, PLEASE! By *"Yoi-Over."* Scribners. $3.75.

EVERYMAN'S GENIUS. By *Mary Austin*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

Travel

AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES: Letters of Fredrika Bremer. Selected and edited by ADOLPH B. BENSON. American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1924. $2.

In garnering from the letters of Fredrika Bremer the collection which constitutes this volume Mr. Benson has deserved well of those who have interest in the America of the past. For the correspondence of Miss Bremer over the period of her visit to America, undertaken in 1849, covered two years in which the country was entering upon a broad development, found the institution of slavery still in full force, although already a subject of discussion, and represented a time in American literary annals when the New England school was still enjoying its greatest influence. Miss Bremer, who came to America with a reputation as a novelist that far exceeded the bounds of her native Sweden, met with a generous hospitality in this country, and both in the North and the South, had an opportunity of studying American civilization in its intimate aspects. Like Miss Martineau she found slavery the darkest blot on a society which held much to elicit her admiration, though, like Miss Martineau, she found those who supported it a delightful people. Her pages on her Southern experiences are among the most interesting and enthusiastic of a book which shows not only readiness of appreciation but fine powers of discrimination.

As a person of note in the literary world Miss Bremer, of course, saw much of American celebrities, and her correspondence presents frequent sidelights on the writers of her day. Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, Lowell, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, have a vivid being in her letters, and on occasions do not escape her criticism. A woman of culture and broad contacts, with a ready sympathy, a keen mind, and a nice power of observation she had a liveliness of interest that stood her in good stead as a guest and a traveller. Her chronicle is one that at the time of its original publication met with wide recognition, and that a later day will find both enjoyable and significant.

SKYLINE PROMENADES. By J. BROOKS ATKINSON. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Lovers of the mountains, and especially lovers of the trail, will find in Mr. Atkinson's generous enjoyment of the delights of White Mountain climbing an enthusiasm to match their own united with a pleasant facility of description and a gently philosophizing mood. Entering the region from the Chocorua side, Mr. Atkinson and his companion made their way over the lesser peaks to the Presidential Range, packing their provisions, and sleeping in camp and under the sky. The seasoned mountaineer knows how little of hazard climbing in New Hampshire affords, but he also knows how out of all proportion to the difficulties of the ascent are the rewards it bestows, and under the impetus of this book he will live over again in memory the exhilaration of the trips over the jagged Boott Spur trail, along the Great Gulf, through Tuckerman's Ravine, or up steep Huntington to the gay Alpine Garden. Mr. Atkinson varies his recital of experiences and portrayal of scenes with speculative excursions into various aspects of city and country civilization, and adds an occasional discussion of matters literary. By the adroit device of inserting into his chronicle brief bits of dialogue between himself and his friend he manages to convey rather more of the companionship and the friendly argument of their trip than the rest of his narrative would otherwise provide.

ADVENTURES IN PERU. By C. H. PRODGERS. Dutton. 1925. $4.

It is our misfortune that Mr. Prodgers, a man who had such varied and interesting experiences, such a life of unusual adventure and such opportunity to gather curious and important information, had so little facility in choosing what was of value and so little ability in recounting it.

Mr. Prodgers spent many years of an eventful life in South America. He was by nature an adventurer, willing to turn his hand to any occupation or employment that presented itself, provided he "could turn an honest penny." Though time and again it was the excitement of adventure that was his only recompense.

Horse trainer, exporter, treasure hunter, sportsman, explorer, artist, archæologist, confidential government agent, diplomatist, miner, botanist, fisherman, ship chandler, each he was at one time or another and each phase of his career was replete with incident from which he draws his anecdotes. His short yarns are interesting, but they are disjointed and follow no plan. As he starts to elaborate one idea he thinks of a second which reminds him of a third, and so on. He has a great mass of interesting and amusing facts, but they resemble a card catalogue that has burst from the very weight of its contents.

The author must have been a delightful companion before an open fire as, between puffs on a pipe that refused to stay lighted, he meditatively and modestly recounted, with many "and that reminds me's" the stories of his experiences that were his everyday life. But there we should have the advantage of being able to ask him as many questions as occurred to us.

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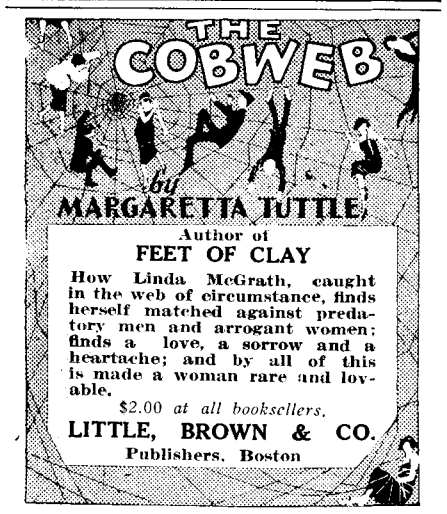
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE LITTLE KAROO. By PAULINE SMITH (Doran).

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER. By HERMANN KEYSERLING (Harcourt, Brace).

POETS OF AMERICA. By CLEMENT WOOD (Dutton).

K. S. P., Fortress Monroe, Va., is looking for a hobby. It must be an indoor one, absorbing as golf is for outdoors; also he desires it to comply with these specications:

Omission of radio features,
Development of manual skill,
Novelty,
Possibility as a source of income,
Moderate outlay.

He is thirty-five; for this purpose books won't do, but he wants books for this subject.

THIS is no business for me, single-handed. I told him ship-model building, having learned that this pursuit takes the heart as only a true hobby can do. There is plenty of literature on the subject, though most of it, like "Sailing Ship Models" (Halton & Truscott Smith, London) and E. Keble Chatterton's "Ship Models" (Studio), are luxuriously expensive. There is even a Ship Model club of high renown. Or one could take up the construction of model aeroplanes and gliders, the latter said to engross attention past mealtimes, and certainly in the line of cultural development. Of course there is the camera ["Practical Amateur Photography," by William S. Davis (Little, Brown), is one of the best books for every sort of use, a regular mine], and as this book shows, it leads into professional fields. A tool-house is said to have charms: one had for my grandfather, whose notion of bliss was to go into the silence there and emerge with an unsuspected sideboard, transfixing the family. Owing to that hobby, I had the finest dolls' house for miles around, and am to this day handier with a hammer than a needle. "Tinkering With Tools," by H. H. Saylor (Little, Brown), is a good book for a beginner.

But the most hypnotic hobby I know is music: no professional gets quite the magic that comes to the passionate amateur. Not listening, of course: playing ensemble or accompaniments, singing in choir or chorus—that's the thrill. Music is a good choice for the future, too, for hobbies should be selected with an eye on heaven, which is clearly a place where they take the place of work. And ensemble music fits in neatly with that of the spheres.

I cannot take all this responsibility. Gentlemen hobbyists, what have you to offer K. S. P.? Only I fear he is going at it too sensibly. One does not choose a real, lifelong hobby any more than one chooses a real, lifelong wife; either one just comes and grabs you. Still, everyone advises a man in the first case, so pray do so in this.

J. K., New York, asks for recent books on free will and determination, not like "The Way to Will Power," but rather like Collin's "Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Human Liberty" and Horne's "Free Will and Human Responsibility."

RECENT psychological discussion does not concern itself much with free will. Professor William McDougall's book "Ethics and Some Modern World Problems" (Putnam) had to do with it, so have "The Moral Life and Religion," by James Ten Brœke (Macmillan, 1922) and Theophilus B. Stork's "The Will in Ethics" (Sherman French, 1915). There is much said on the subject in new words in the course of a profoundly significant novel published by Knopf this year, J. Anker Larsen's "The Philosopher's Stone." This is the tale of the journeys of two youths through about every kind of unregulated religion provided my a God-haunted generation, and it is much more exciting than one would guess from this description. I have been asked several times for biographical data of the author, who won with this book the prodigious Gyldendal Prize, and at last I can direct them to something in English: he is the subject of one of the essays in "Ernest Boyd's "Studies from Ten Literatures" (Scribner), a book with more information about foreign books and authors I am asked about than any other I have seen. I see myself recommending it to clubs for years ahead.

This inquirer may be interested to know that the *Yale Divinity News*, New Haven, January, 1925; vol. 21, no. 2, has a "suggested readings" for clergymen and divinity students, a book-list covering Biblical literature, Christian theology, history of doctrine, philosophy and psychology, religious education and missions.

E. D. M., Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada, asks for books on contemporary drama for a study club that wishes to prepare by "amateurish exploration" of the subject in general for "work that may develop later into a more intensive study discussion of the work of two or three playwrights."

AND a good idea too; you would know how good if you knew how often study clubs treat plays as if each one was all by itself. E. D. M. asks if Storm Jameson has written such a book: yes, "Modern Drama in Europe," published here by Harcourt, Brace, but out of print in the United States. A provocative book: agreed with or not, it makes one think. But "A Study of Modern Drama," by Barrett Clark (Appleton), has stood the test of actual use in many a study-club, in the earlier edition: the new one lately issued brings the subject to the present day and almost hour. It is a guide for exploration. "Tendencies of Modern English Drama," by A. E. Morgan (Scribner), is a group of studies that draws near the present moment: it has, for instance, a study of Flecker's "Hassan." "The Youngest Drama," by Ashley Dukes (Benn), has the new men too: I like his demure hope that John Drinkwater will in time exhaust the supply of historic heroes. "Some day," he says, "he will have to start on the rogues. It will be a joyous occasion." Clayton Hamilton's "Conversations on Contemporary Drama" (Macmillan) discusses living men and recent plays, English, American, and foreign visitors like Pirandello. Thomas Dickenson's "Playwrights of the New American Theatre" (Macmillan) considers this country since 1900, up to and including Eugene O'Neill: he deals also with expressionism and pageantry.

These are all surveys of present day

(*Continued on following page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.**

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In addition to the title poem, a meditative and satirical piece running to some thirty pages, there are three other long pieces in the volume. One of these is a dialogue entitled "Genevieve and Alexandra"; one, "Mortmain", which might be called a narrative dialogue with the story between rather than in the lines; and a satirical dialogue, "Demos and Dionysus."

There are also a number of sonnets, all worthy of praise. THE NEW YORK TIMES says of "The Sheaves": "It possesses to a remarkable degree something which is common in freer lyric expression, but unusual in the more rigid sonnet—the power to haunt the reader with sheer liquid lyric beauty.

So in a land where all days are not fair,
Fair days went on till another day
A thousand golden sheaves were lying there,
Shining and still, but not for long to stay—
As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and go away.

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Points of View

From Duluth

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Roman Maxim "why not tell the truth with a smile" occurs to me, as I jot down quite frankly a few significant experiences with publishers.

To boksellers in the west, some 1500 miles from New York, the attitude of the publisher and his response to the booksellers' problems, as presented to him from time to time, make a vast difference in the success of bookselling.

In point of distribution, the farther the shop from the base supply the greater the prospect of not getting new books by publication date.

A case in point:

An important book by a noted author is largely advertised, and an order is placed some two months ahead of publication, which is listed for early fall. Literally nothing is left undone by the publishers to advertise the book and finally it is reviewed by the inspired reporter.

Publication date is within a couple of weeks and anxiety is felt about the supply of books which has not arrived. As a last resort a telegram is sent to New York costing 72 cents, which is the ten word rate, asking for immediate reply as to when the books were shipped. The reply comes back "Don't worry; your books will reach you on time" (this is verbatim) and this masterfully noncommittal message is the only consolation, as publication date comes and goes and the books arrive one week late! The sales lost and worse yet the good will of numerous customers whom we had assured would have the book by a certain time, was a hard experience to overcome.

In our book shop the supreme duty of every one is to try to create a desire for books. If one can so present a book that not only the story is well suggested but also a touch of the atmosphere that goes with comfortable reading becomes a part of the picture, the sale is made, generally. A disappointment on the part of the publisher to materialize with the books one has been working for, seriously breaks into this sympathetic method of bookselling.

In commenting to a publisher about a certain class of books as being fine literature he snapped out, "Fine literature, bosh! What you should accentuate is, fun, thrills, diversion, then turn 'em over quick!"

But in pointing out the literary value of books you make an appeal to a class of people whose patronage is the backbone of the book business, you persist. "Nothing in it, too slow," he replies. "The backbone of the book business is turnover, not the intellectual customer."

And to this epigram this publisher will hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant" from the full congregation of publishers.

Both bookseller and publisher should be more closely in touch with the other's problems. At present there is a grave lack of coöperation owing to an ignorance of each other's obligations. The bookseller fails to understand why a publisher should publish the older poets, for instance, or any other books, from plates so worn that the text is often unreadable, bind them in a good grade of leather and list them at four dollars. A four dollar book should ring true at every point, not be just good looking. The reverse of this transaction occurs when a new book is made from new plates and bound in a material called leather but more nearly resembling crêpe paper; these books list at $2.00. Again a monkey wrench is thrown into the selling game. Query! how can such discrepancies be explained to the court of last appeal, the purchaser?

Publishers should mark plainly the jacket of every new book, stating that the story has not been published serially. One publisher, I recall, did this in one instance. Also when a story is republished under a new title, that fact should be noted on the jacket.

The publisher will perhaps agree with the bookseller that it's somewhat disconcerting, when after a customer has paid $2.00 or more for a story, he returns the book with the remark, "You sold me this as a new story; I read it four years ago under a different title." Here the bookseller is struck dumb, but not the customer.

After an author's death, publisers often compile a lot of his rejected material, advertise it largely and call it a book, when it has little or no merit. A raft of political or court gossip is made into books which have no reason whatever for existence. These types of books the bookseller is urged to sell when he knows they are worthless—even for diversion.

Instances here noted serve to show how little sympathetic knowledge exists between bookseller and publisher even though the success of one depends upon the other.

IDA JOSEPHINE WATSON.
Duluth, Minn.

A Comparison

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Thrice good and to the point is the letter of H. R. Hutting in the *Review* of March 14, for he tells the tale rightly.

The paragraph concerning the publisher who finds the booksellers "a rather slow, unprogressive lot" interests me to the point of wishing to add just a few small words.

Making a comparison between the publisher and the bookseller in the large is comparing the elephant and mouse. So that if the Elephant (great in name, as a rule, and his command of capital) continues to send *book wagons* unto remote places and those not so remote, and establish *book shops* on steamships, encircling the earth, and to make it so very easy for the book buyer to write directly to the Elephant for his one or two or five or six books,—tell me, do tell me, please, about the little Mouse, and how he manages to fare?

For it is not only, in most cases, because of his daily grind, his love of books, his will to succeed and his splendid faith in his work and in his people, that he manages to exist at all? For a book shop usually grows from a small one to a large one, does it not, unless directly sponsored by one of those Elephants who can afford to lose thousands of dollars in a venture and put it down to "advertising"?

However, there are some, and quite a few publishers who seem to find such worthy things to publish, but who are also content to sit back afterwards, giving the book seller the nice little helps which spread the good titles, but who do not try to be publisher, middle man and bookseller, too.

But speak to me not of the unprogressive bookseller—the very nature of his business keeps his brain alert and his eyes searching the horizon, even while one hand is taking the pulse of his public, and he is holding out the other in greeting—his spirit is willing to progress, but his capital is weak.

BEATRICE MULLIKEN
Greenwich, Conn.

A Difference of View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.
Sir:

The review in yours of yesterday, headed "A Gladiator of Our Time", John L. Sullivan by R. F. Dibble, reviewed by Jim Tully, no doubt is excellent as reviews go but when Mr. Tully takes great credit to himself as an intimate of John L. Sullivan and says, among other things:

"Mr. Sullivan was about as complex as a mule in a meadow," he writes himself down as Dogberry's twin.

The magnificent simplicity of John L. Sullivan might make such men as Jim Tully regard him as "much of a moron." Yet this moron was admired as a man by John Boyle O'Reilly, and if I am not mistaken, was well considered by James Jeffrey Roche and other literary men. Arthur Brisbane might testify to that. He was with Sullivan when the latter was presented to the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII. He refused to meet the prince unless his friend Brisbane could accompany him, much to the amazement and consternation of the Earl of Lonsdale and the Marquis of Queensbury who acted as equarries. They said it couldn't be done but Sullivan was firm. "By all means let him bring his friend," said the prince when the strange conduct of the strange American was reported to him. So Brisbane went. "How are you, Prince. How is your good mother?" said John L. Sullivan crossing to the prince and offering his hand, which the prince took as an equal. Why not? If he was prince by right of birth Sullivan was a king by right of his mighty fists. In the days of King Hakon, or Knut, he would have won the crown by feats of arms. No doubt King Richard I was a roval John L. Sullivan. In any gathering Sullivan dominated all by his personality, yet he was bashful in the presence of women, not meaning those who are known as gold-diggers.

"Jack Dempsey would have battered John L. Sullivan to the canvas any time they ever started," avers Mr. Jim Tully. Indeed? This is but another proof that Tully who worshipped John L. Sullivan next to Shelley when he was fifteen did not know the man who transformed prize fighting into boxing contests and who knocked out in a few weeks more men than Dempsey has in his life. There are at least fifty-one official knockouts to the credit of John L. Sullivan. Count those to the credit of Dempsey and give him a round dozen for the total.

Of course R. F. Dibble's book is just a collection of Sullivaniana and a poor one. The man who worsted Gen. Nelson A. Miles in a passage-at-words had something more than skill in a passage-at-arms. He was my friend, although some years my elder and a wiser man, in my opinion, would be hard to find. "Much of a Moron?" Even less than Jim Tully is a fighter.

Sincerely yours,
JAY LEWIS

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

drama, so is the new volume by Leo Wiener, professor of Slavic literature at Harvard, on "The Contemporary Drama of Russia" (Little, Brown), latest of a valuable series on contemporary drama in Europe. For first principles and their development in the world's drama there is a new book, "Introduction to Dramatic Theory," by Allardyce Nicoll (Brentano), including Greece, Rome, France, Italy, Germany and England, and looking for characteristics that link them. And now that we are on the subject, let drama clubs look up "The Organized Theatre," by St. John Ervine (Macmillan), comparing the place of the repertory theatre with that of the small publisher, and proposing among other things that the repertory theatres should be federated, to help solve the royalty problem. And another is "The Actor's Heritage," by Walter Prichard Eaton (Atlantic Monthly Press), theatrical history from a critic whose knowledge of the past gives weight to his praise of the present.

A circulating library in a New Jersey town asks for advice on new detective stories.

I EMBARK on this list with a light heart, remembering that in this lottery there are no blanks: he who reads detective stories at all reads almost anything gratefully. But he should be especially grateful to me for telling him about "The Groote Park Murder," by Freeman Wills Croft (Seltzer), because it is the best detective story I have read in months. If the invention of J. S. Fletcher ever runs dry, and from present indications there is no need to worry about that, this writer can carry on the business; the same complicated plot-scheme, fitting together like a crossword puzzle. There is matter for a student to work out the relation between these two forms of intellectual diversion, by the way; I have been turning it over in my mind all winter. Vincent Fuller worked it out in practice, in his tale "The Long Green Gaze" (Huebsch); at least its solution is blocked at intervals by crosswords that must be solved before you can go on. Let not this too long delay the curious, however: work out only the words with a star. "The Monster," by Harrington Hext (Macmillan), has a vast ruin on the edge of a village with a mysterious murderer lurking somewhere in it; the ruin is really one of the creepiest things imaginable. "Burned Evidence," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow (Putnam), is melodrama hot and plenty, but they get the villainess in the end, which is more than they do in "Anna's", by Nina Boyle (Seltzer). In this story, which concerns as smooth a sinner as one could wish to see safely shut up, Miss Boyle leaves the lady still in the open air on the last page—possibly she is too good to lose before another volume. "The Second Bullet" (Dodd, Mead) is by Charles Dutton, who wrote "The Underwood Mystery," and like that, it is what a client of the Guide means when she asks for a "gentleman's detective story"—that is, everyone moves in good society, and even at grips retains a sense of humor and the power of repartee. "The Murder Club," by Howel Evans (Putnam), is a series of crimes solved by an organization formed for that purpose: it takes an unfair advantage, though, by relying several times on agencies like telepathy, unknown poisons, and strange inventions, to go over the top. I think mystery stories should be somehow penalized for this. "A Voice from the Dark," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan), starts with what seems to be supernatural intervention, but gets it on a physical basis before the last page.

"Bobbed Hair" (Putnam) is a composite mystery story by twenty of the younger choir of intellectuals, very dashing, just the thing for a movie and moving that way rapidly. The plot hangs together beautifully, but as for the writing, they might better have let Dorothy Parker do it all, with a little help from Alexander Woollcott. "The Sign of Evil," by Anthony Wynne (Lippincott), has a doctor for a detective and Gordon Hall Gerould's "Midsummer Mystery" (Appleton) murders a Senator in Washington, and there is a new man at work in this field that Knopf thinks is as good as Fletcher: A. G. Fielding, whose "The Eames-Erskine Case" has just appeared.

I RUBBED my eyes to make sure that I really let a list about Louisiana go to press without a book on it by Grace King. The only way I can understand it is that in copying from the list I sent by mail to the original inquirer, who was in a hurry, a paragraph dropped out. For a Louisiana list without Grace King's "New Orleans: the Place and the People" (Macmillan), and "Creole Families of New Orleans" (Macmillan), is a plain joke. They are classics of their kind. Her latest novel goes back to early days of New Orleans, with "La Dame de Ste. Hermine" (Macmillan). Elise Ripley Noyes, Stamford, Conn., daughter of the author of Ripley's "Social Life in Old New Orleans" (Appleton), sends me other books for this list—that book is her mother's reminiscences of a girlhood in the forties, written after she was seventy-five. Stella Perry's "Come Home" (Stokes) is a novel of the bird preserve section; her "Palmetto" (Stokes), of the bayou country. John S. Wise's "End of an Era" (Houghton Mifflin) gives the Southern point of view to a Northerner. E. L. Tinker's "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days" (Dodd, Mead), and Hearn's "Creole Sketches" (Houghton Mifflin), are pictures of the old city. These are in print, but the inquirer, if she has access to libraries—she told me she had not, but this will do for other readers—should consult these out-of-print authorities: "Tales of a Time and Place," Grace King; Mrs. T. P. O.'Conor's "My Beloved South," Hart's "The Southern South," and Gayarre's "History of Louisiana," whose fascinating pages were used as sources by Cable and others.

A. C. T., Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., is interested in books on Japanese Buddhism and would particularly like references to any books in English by Japanese scholars; he wishes also advice on books about the religions of China.

IN matters of this sort I apply at once to Dr. Henry Preserved Smith of Union Theological Seminary; here is his advice:

"Japanese Buddhism is of course thoroughly dependent upon the Buddhism of India and the sacred books of that religion are translated from Sanskrit or Pali originals. On Japanese Buddhism specifically the work usually recommended is Arthur Lloyd's 'The Creed of Half Japan,' London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1911. For Japanese religion in general, I should name W. G. Aston's 'Shinto, the Way of the Gods,' published by Longmans, Green, 1905, and there is a smaller book by the same author and with the same title published by the Open Court Publishing Company in Chicago.

"For Chinese religion a good book is J. J. M. De Groot's 'Religion in China,' and a somewhat older work by James Legge is 'The Religions of China' (Hodder & Stoughton, 1880).

"A good introduction to the study of religion in general is Sidney Cave's 'Introduction to the Study of Some Living Religions of the East,' published by Duckworth, London, 1921, and our Professor Hume has just published a book on 'The World's Living Religions (Scribner, 1924). [This is, by the way, a small book full of meat for the general reader; I have occasion often to recommend it. M. L. B.]

"A bibliography on this subject is contained in Professor George Foot Moore's 'History of Religions,' vol. 1, published by Scribner in 1913. In this is also a chapter on China and one on Buddhism in Japan. J. J. M. De Groot has a very elaborate work, 'The Religious System of China,' in six volumes, which is regarded as a standard. The smaller book by the same author, named above, was published by Putnam in 1912."

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A COLLECTOR'S FAVORITE

A FEW days ago Dr. Rosenbach paid £1,750 in a London auction room for Robert Burns's "Poems" printed in Kilmarnock in 1786, the first edition of the poet's first book. This volume was described as one of the four or five best known copies, perhaps the finest of them all. The previous high record, £1,600, was paid by Dr. Rosenbach for the Carysfort copy sold at Sotheby's in the summer of 1923, less than two years ago. The writer then predicted that the next time another copy as good as the Carysfort copy appeared in the auction room it would bring a new high record. And $600 may be regarded as a very substantial advance even for a Kilmarnock Burns for this short period.

The record of this rarity is extraordinary. It has moved steadily forward since collectors first became interested in it. In 1858 in Edinburgh a copy sold for £3 10s, which indicated that some patriotic Scotchman, or a booklover, wanted it. A few years later in Glasgow a copy sold for £8; ten years later in Edinburgh two copies were sold, bringing £10 and £14 each; in 1871, in Glasgow, £17; three years later in Edinburgh, £19; in 1876, in London, £33; in 1881, again in London, £40, and the next year in the same city two copies were sold, bringing £67 and £73, and six years later two copies fetched £86 and £111 each. When the price passed the £100 mark, writers for the London newspapers became quite excited. A few years ago a scrap-book with clippings in regard to the sale of this book at this particular time was sold at auction in this city. The price of £111 was characterized as "absurd," "ridiculous," "utterly without reason," "certainly crazy prices," and it was predicted that the "limit has finally been reached."

That the price was regarded as high at the time is apparent from the rush to sell. In 1890 four copies appeared in the auction room bringing £72, £100, £107 and £120 respectively. Coming down twenty years later we find the Van Antwerp copy bringing £700, and the British Museum paying £1,000 and Harry Widener $6,000 for their copies. About four years ago a London dealer catalogued a very remarkable association copy of this rarity at £1,250 and in both this country and in England there were protests and the discussion of the price became more or less general. It was pointed out that the Kilmarnock Burns belonged to a class of books that the collectors had taught the booksellers to ask a good price for, that its rise in value had been steady and unwavering for three-quarters of a century, advancing the most rapidly when the price had become the highest and most discussed, chiefly because it was one of a few books of the eighteenth century that collectors all over the English speaking world were determined to have, and for which American collectors especially did not grudge paying a high price for. Before this discussion was over, the copy was sold at the catalogue price, which was regarded as a significant endorsement of the bookseller's idea of values.

And the limit has not yet been reached for this collector's favorite. When another copy appears in a London or New York auction room justifying the claim that it is the "finest of them all" it will show another substantial advance. It will not be long before we shall see this rarity bringing £2,000 or more under the hammer with collectors eager to buy at that price.

FORTHCOMING SALES

ON April 27 autographs from the collections of the late Augustin Daly of this city, and from the collection of Sara J. Hale, editor of "The Ladies' Book," with additions, including a very wide range of American and English historical and literary material, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. On April 27 in the evening at the same galleries there will be a sale of the first editions of Keats and Shelley, an immaculate copy of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," from the library of the late Bertha L. Bolton of Rochester; a complete set of the books printed at the Kelmscott Press and many finely bound sets, the property of a Boston collector; and standard sets in fine bindings from the library of the late Viola C. Lyman of Syracuse.

On April 28 and 29 fine sets of standard authors, desirable first editions of American and English authors, handsomely extra-illustrated works, publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Grolier Club, and autograph letters of American and English authors and statesmen and French royalty, including the libraries of Veryl Preston and of the late Walter Learned, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. On April 30 in the same galleries there will be a sale of literature relating to the Polar Regions formed by Henry Brevoort Kane, grandnephew of the Polar explorer, with a collection of books on whaling, clipper ships, voyages, sea narratives.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Cardigan manuscript of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," one of the earliest and finest Chaucer manuscripts, brought £2,700 at Sotheby's.

* * *

Amy Lowell's "John Keats" has now gone into the fifth large impression and the first edition is selling at a premium. Its popularity is as great in England as in America.

* * *

Over 170,000 visited the exhibition of Morgan manuscripts of British authors while on view at the New York Public Library. Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" is said to have been the most popular of all.

* * *

The ten English authors, whose first editions were most in demand for the four weeks ending February 21, according to the tabulation of desiderata printed in English trade publications, tabulated in the March *Bookman's Journal*, were Charles Dickens,

* * *

A collection of several hundred volumes consisting of various editions of Montaigne and of books relating to him, was recently given to the Princeton University library by Mme. Le Brun, in the name of Pierre Le Brun, New York architect. All of the known editions of the great essayist works published before his death in 1592, including the excessively Bordeaux edition of the essays of 1580, are represented in the collection.

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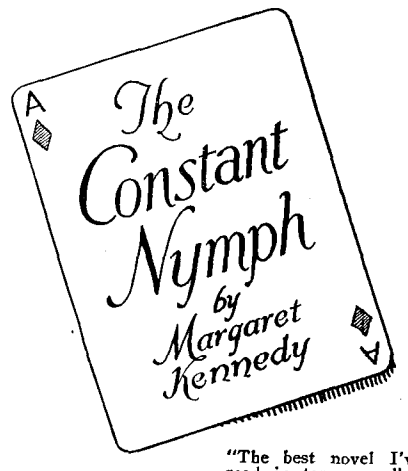

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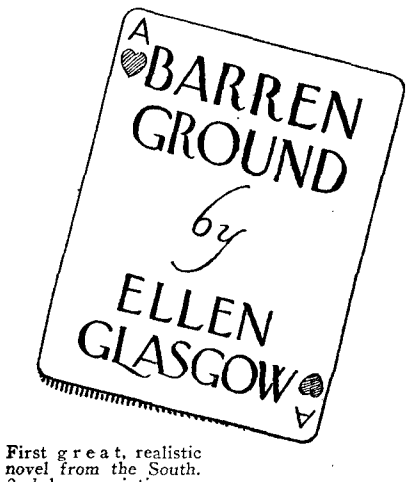

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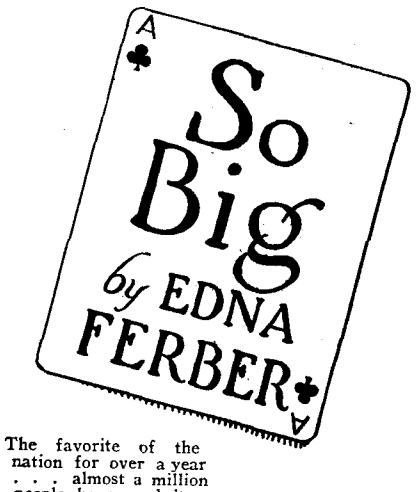

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The Phoenix Nest

WE see that the leading magazine editors, sixteen of 'em, including *Carl Van Doren, Ray Long, Arthur Vance, Karl Harriman, Gertrude Lane, Arthur Sullivant Hoffman*, etc., have each been selecting the best short story that has appeared in his (or her) magazine during the last year, said stories now being reprinted *seriatim* in the *Sunday Magazine* of the New York *World*. In our opinion there is one short story they overlooked (which is natural, as it has never appeared anywhere). Not that we intend to compete with the Sunday Magazine of the New York *World*, but we certainly like this Great Short Story, because we wrote it! Hence—here it is. We have called it, "In Praise of Women".

"The enduring praise of a woman," said Peter McCourke, "is in regard to those qualities which she cannot be proved to possess, for with the graces and virtues that she actually does possess we become too familiar, and so to us they fade. Take the notable eulogiums of Laura or Beatrice or those other charming ladies praised in great poetry, and if you can create the shadow of a semblance of one real woman from the laudation of them! But that you can't. Did you, by the bye, ever hear of the sad fate that befell the Three Old Men of Ross Hill?"

I shook my head. "Do you know where Ross Hill may be?" Again I shook my head. "Well, we'll come to that presently.

"How a woman really sees a man I'm blest if I'll be able to tell you, but a man sees a woman he is attracted by, too often as something quite different from what she really is. His praise of her will be for some quality of which he has been given no real evidence at all. Now these three old men I'm remembering, and they at about the most fatuous age of man, (an age I won't tell you, as it's an age I'm approaching myself) they all lived together, anyway, up at the Crooked House (which was the byword for it), and Agatha Nairne waited on them. They all adored her. She was soft-footed, soft-voiced, pretty as a picture, tall and graceful with a fine figger, just turned thirty, and possessed of an abundant common-sense. Secretly they all worshipped her, and one day they fell to arguing. They were named, we'll say, Ben, Dick and John.

"'Dick,' says Ben, 'wherefore now do you admire Agatha?' 'I admire her,' says Dick, 'for the tremendous sweet beauty of her countenance, and that's a fact!' 'This from *you!*' says Ben, and set up a hoarse cackle, which made Dick angry. 'Well,' he cries, 'You're monstrous gracious. Will you kindly tell me why I shouldn't admire her for her countenance?' Ben, seeing him angered, began to soothe him. 'Now,' he said, 'Now, now,—surely, but you can't admire it more than I. But it isn't, as it were, a circumstance to the beauty of her voice.' 'Her voice!' and it was Dick's turn to cackle. 'Her voice! Who are you to judge of her voice?' 'And why shouldn't I admire her voice?' Ben asks angrily. Now it was for Dick to soothe him. 'Why, Ben,' he tells him, 'No one could appreciate the beauty of her voice better than I, but how can it ever compare to me with the beauty of her lineaments?' 'Indeed I can recognize them a good deal better than you!' answers Ben hotly. 'I merely ask you for your own recognizance.' 'Whatever that may be then,' returns Dick, hitching his chair up. 'I will give it to you. First, it is the pallor of her skin——' Ben hoots. 'She's as red as a cherry,' says he. 'She is not that at all,' returns Dick hotly. 'What's more, it's the beautiful gazelle eyes, deep and brown, in the face of my dream ——' 'The face of your dream indeed!' squabbles Ben. 'Her eyes are as blue as my mother's apron.' 'You that have no true sight,' orates Dick loftily, 'you that have eyes and see not——!' 'Harkee,' says Ben. 'Do you recall in your inventory the mole under her left ear and the freckles on her nose?' 'Freckles, your grandmother!' shouts Dick, real annoyed. 'She has no more freckles than a swan. And the swan's neck is not so beautiful and white and long, nor is the swan's plumage more immaculate to look upon than the white dress of my tiny little darling!' 'Tiny little fiddlesticks!' sputters Ben. 'She's the tallest girl in seven counties, and the dress she commonly wears is a green one, as green as the grass that'll soon be growing over you.' Dick makes an exalted wave of his hand. 'You have never seen her,' he tells Ben, leaning close. 'Pray you proceed with your paltry account of her voice!'

"'Her voice,' says Ben, and he almost chokes on it, 'is as sweet and melodious as a nighting——' 'It is not then,' Dick bawls. 'It is no more like a nightingale than it is like a jewsharp. It is a fair voice, at that, but she has a lisp——.' 'And when have you truly heard her voice!' jeers Ben, 'you who have ears but hear not——! It is the sighing of the wind in the grass and the bubble of the skylark and the clear brook over chuckling stones and the lyric rapture of the—of the——' 'And well may your wit fail you,' cries Dick. 'I could praise her voice a lot truer if I cared, for I have listened to it keenly enough and I know its every semitone. But you are describing something you have read about in a book. Well, thank God that books are not my pabulum. All I say is, man, that you have no ear for her actual voice and you do not realize that there is a grave defect in the upper register when she sings. So if you will but keep still!——'

"'And who's doing all the talking, by your leave?' squawks Ben, beside himself with irritation. 'Hold your clack for once and let your betters have the say!' So they argued till suddenly Ben quite lost his temper and swung off and caught Dick a clip with his trumpet——"

"His trumpet?" I interrupted, mystified. Peter opened one eye lazily.

"Why surely," he said. "Ben's ear-trumpet. The old fellow was as deaf as a post and Dick had been bellowing into it all this time. Well, the heavy trumpet sailed straight at Dick's head——"

"Did he dodge?" I breathed.

"Dodge?" Peter overheard me. "How could the poor man dodge when he was as blind as a bat? The trumpet caught him one awful welt over the temple and down he fell dead. And just then up comes John who had been sitting nearby, but taking no part at all in the conversation. Struck aheap he was by Dick lying dead there, and it seemed that he wanted to say something, and certainly he shook his head most reprovingly at Ben. But Ben, still beside himself, shrieks out, 'Well, I suppose *you'll* be arguing with me next about Agatha!' and makes a leap for his throat. So they grappled, and stormed about, till Ben's heel caught in a corner of the rug and down he went and fractured his skull on the hearth and died instantly."

The expedition with which Peter was disposing of the three old men struck a chill through my blood.

"That being so," he went on imperturbably. "Up staggers John just as Agatha is coming into the room. He stands swaying before her, and suddenly a miracle happens. He swallows and gurgles and gulps —and then he utters two loud words, *'Both wrong!'* and drops dead of an apoplexy at her feet."

"But why a miracle?" I objected faintly, still stunned by this holocaust.

"Because old John had always been as dumb as a fish. Really dumb. Couldn't talk. And this Ross Hill as you must know is an institution up the Hudson for the aged with a permanent infirmity. But there you are."

"You see," added Peter, reaching for his tobacco pouch. "You see, as I keep saying, they were men. And however fine the reality is, unconscionable Man must have his dream!"

"Yet I suppose," I said, "she was, as you have remarked already, a fine presentable girl, and a girl with a strong character, an excellent conscience and a beautiful heart?"

"O, she was that—she *is*," said Peter. "That's why I married her."

I sat without words. I had never had the pleasure of meeting his wife.

"I was superintendent of the Ross Hill Institution at the time," he explained.

"And," he went on more dreamily, filling his pipe slowly, "the mole is not so noticeable, after all, though it's not under the left but under the right ear. That was Ben's mistake. And if her voice is a trifle lisping, as Dick said, why what's the differ? Nor is the defect in her upper register any great matter either, for I have no musical ear. But it's her silence I like best," and here he suddenly looked up at me with a face transfigured. "Ah, it's the divine silence of the woman, the deep mystery of it, when she just will sit with her head cocked to one side, gazing at me, across at fire!

"And sometimes—sometimes," he added, his voice sinking, while I watched him as one under a spell, "do you know—do you know—it comes to remind me sometimes—of the silence of poor old John!"

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